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APRIL, 1955  
TWO SHILLINGS

*In This Issue*  
**SPRING  
FASHION SECTION**

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BRITANNIA  
and

APRIL  
1955

VOL. 50 NO. 4

*Eve*

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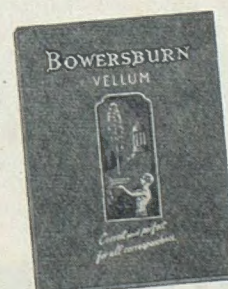
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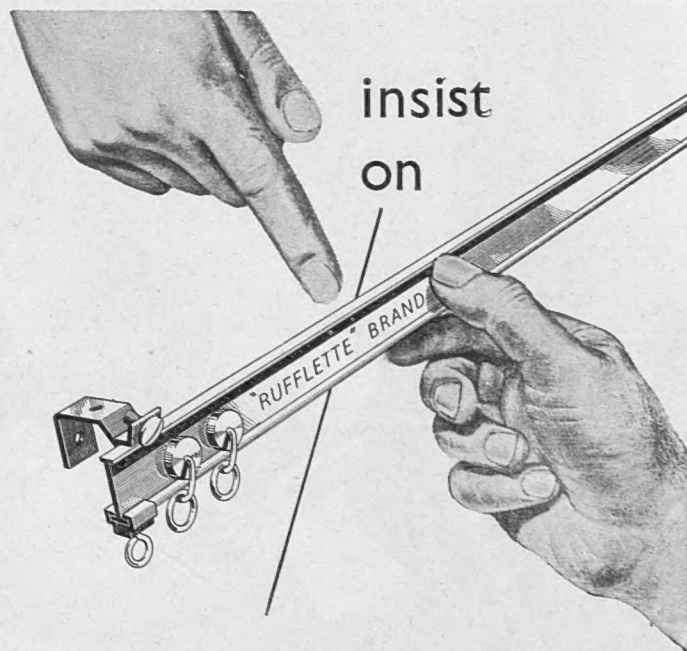
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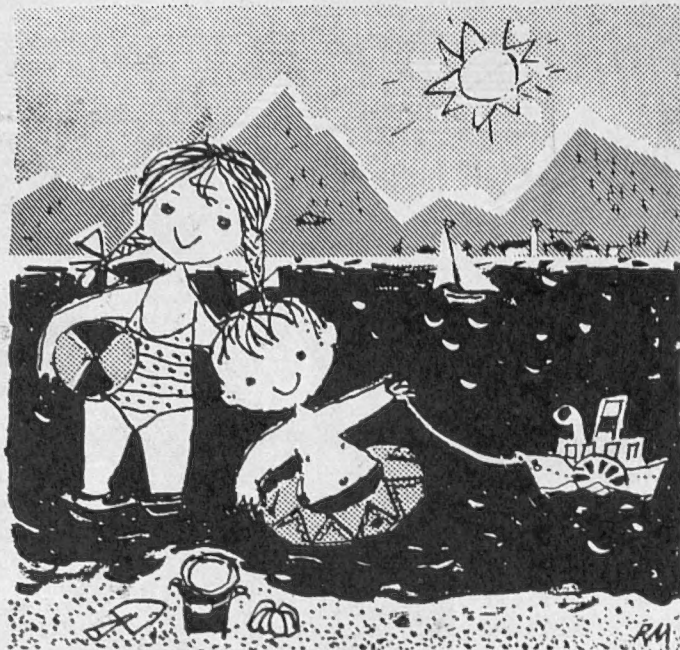
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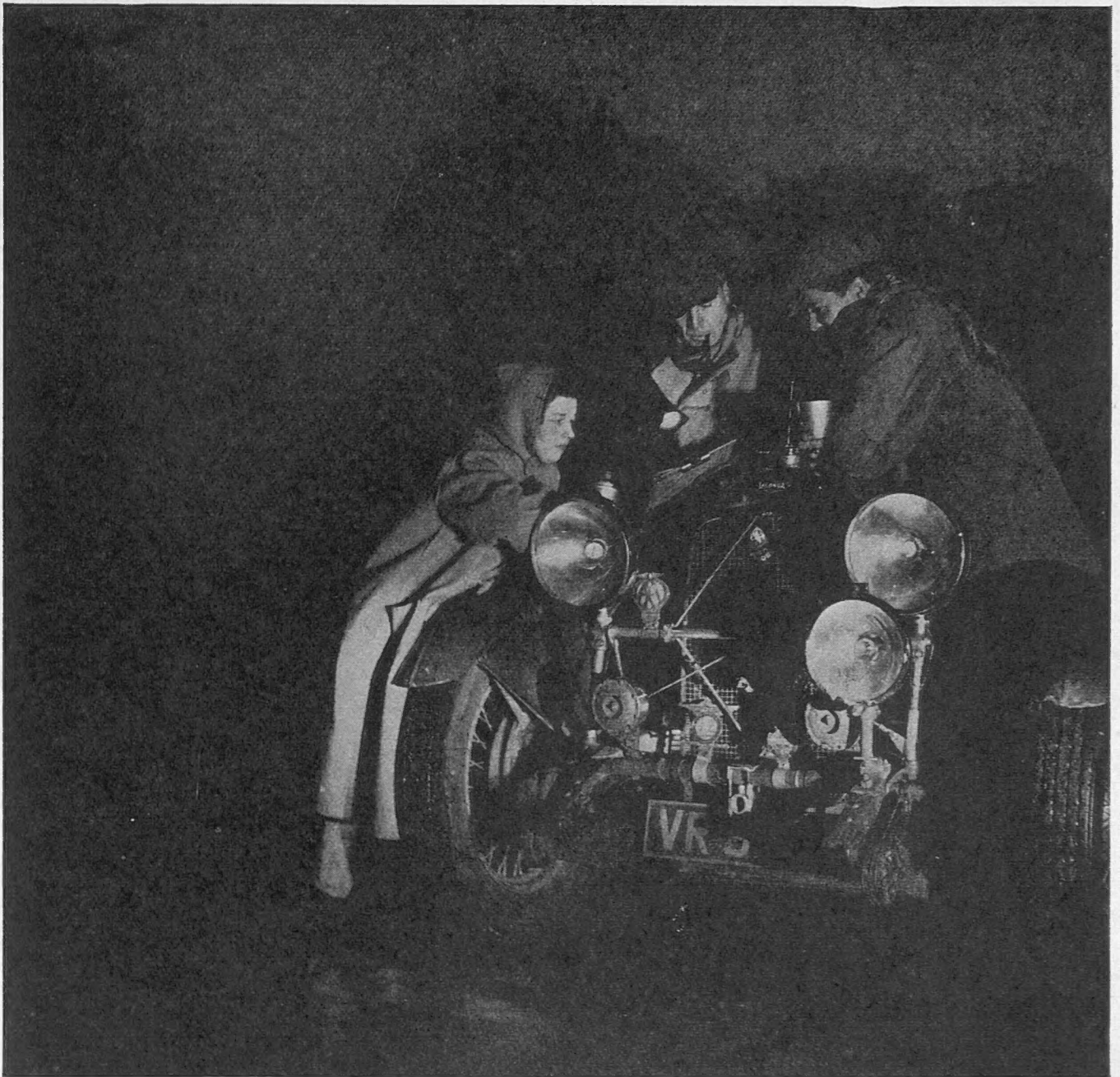
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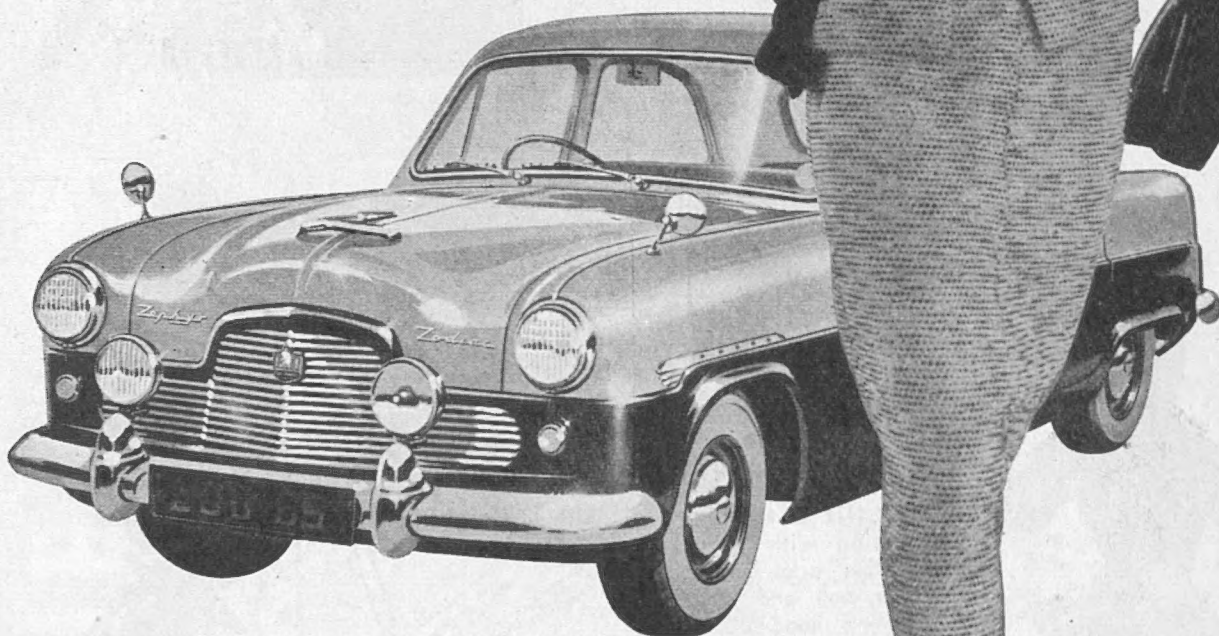
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# The Stranger on The Set

By

DOUGLAS RUTHERFORD

I HAD a good run of luck with my book "Dive Bomber." It was the story of Hans Ritter, the German air ace who became an almost legendary figure during the war. When I sold the world film rights to Hallmark Productions Ltd., I said good-bye to it. I didn't expect to see it in recognisable form again. But about six months later I had a letter from Jeremy Carleton himself, enclosing the foolscap typescript of the film. He was going to direct "Dive Bomber" and thought I might like to see the script before they went on the floor. Would I glance through it and meet him for a chat over dinner at Verrey's the following week?

When the waiter showed me over to Jeremy Carleton's table in the cocktail bar that evening his head came up in astonishment and two puzzled lines appeared between his eyes.

"Are you Leslie Taylor? I thought you were a man."

He rose quickly to his feet as the waiter pushed the chair in behind me.

I said: "I'm sorry to disappoint you."

"It's not a disappointment at all, I assure you. I confess I'm surprised,

though. You write like a man. How do you come to know so much about the German Air Force?"

"I was in R.A.F. Intelligence during the war. That's how Ritter crossed my path in the first place."

"Let me take that."

I had slipped off my fur stole and was looking for a place to put it. He took it and parked it on the couch beside him. He subjected me to a swift appraisal with casual eyes that missed very little. I was glad now that I'd taken the trouble to go home and change before coming out. I'd put on a ballet-length cocktail dress and a pair of pendant diamond ear-rings that had belonged to my great-aunt. I felt that I could look the world and Jeremy Carleton in the face. If I had been a starlet in search of a part I dare say I would have drooped my eyelashes at him, but as I had no ambition whatsoever to be in films, I was able to return his stare with equanimity.

In the end he smiled. "What'll you have to drink? Dry Martini, White Lady, Pimm's—perhaps a glass of sherry?"

I liked the little radius of wrinkles that had appeared at the corner of his eyes and

**She was acting a part—but it was a part that threatened to turn into reality**

at the side of his nose. I took it as a sign that Jeremy Carleton often smiled. I guessed he was about forty-five, though he looked younger. He was not particularly tall, but there was something light and lithe about him which was more telling than height. He was superbly well shirted and tailored, and his manner was a most unusual blend of confidence and considerateness.

He was the sort of man who gets good service in a fashionable restaurant without having to make a song and dance about it. We ate grilled lobster, roast *poussin* and *creme caramel*, and drank Chablis and Pommard, but never mentioned "Dive Bomber" till the serviettes were crumpled on the table and the waiter had brought coffee and Kummel.

Then Jeremy nodded towards the typescript lying on the side of the table.

"Well, what about this?"

HE busied himself with lighting my cigarette and his own while he waited for my answer. I noticed that he was a little uncertain for the first time that evening.

"I think you've made a wonderful job of adapting the book. But Hans Ritter never turned anti-Nazi, and he was the last person who would have been associated with the Hitler Bomb Plot. Secondly, his wife had no Jewish connections. She was Aryan to the hilt. Ritter was rabidly anti-Semitic."

"I thought that was coming. You see, you're a historian. You go for facts. We have to cater for a different public. We want a story that's..."

"It's all right," I interrupted. "I just thought I ought to point out the true facts. But I must admit I like it better this way myself. It makes a very convincing story."

Jeremy looked relieved as I handed the typescript over to him.

"I took the liberty of jotting a few amendments in the margin. Just points of detail."

He simply nodded and gave the neatly bound pages an affectionate pat.

"We've a couple of good actors for the main parts. Frederick Butler is the heart-throb of the moment, and we're playing him opposite Valmai Berensen again. I expect you've seen them. They've made several films together."

I said: "No. I don't go to the cinema much."

He looked a little shocked and disapproving at that.

"Valmai's a remarkable actress. Amazing to think that two years ago she and her husband were doing a circus act. Now she's box office in a big way and he's drawing good money as a stunt man in Hollywood."

"Hollywood? That's rather far distant."

Jeremy shrugged.

"Perhaps it's better that way. What the eye doesn't see the heart doesn't grieve over."

JEREMY and I parted that evening on Christian name terms. He must have approved of the amendments I'd made because ten days later he phoned me again. He wanted me to come and watch the actual filming at Pinewood as a sort of roving adviser. I had to refuse. I was doing a course of lectures at the Summer School organised by the C.U.H.S. He must have made a note of the day my course ended, for the very next morning he phoned through to my flat while I was still having breakfast in bed.

"How's the filming?" I asked him.

"We're making quite good progress. This is one of the most realistic things I've ever worked on. Almost too much so in fact."

I waited for a moment, expecting to hear more.

"What do you mean, exactly?"

"It's hard to explain. But things keep coming to life in the most extraordinary way.

Perhaps we're all a little nervy and in-bred. I'd like the opinion of a sensible outsider and I hoped you might be free by now."

Filming had been going on for a week when I arrived at Pinewood and parked my small two-seater in a row of monster Rolls-Royces, Bentleys and Cadillacs. I had Jeremy Carleton's letter in my handbag with minute instructions. His final paragraph had aroused my curiosity.

"... You may find a tense atmosphere in the studio. Valmai Berensen has been behaving in a rather unnerving way. She has literally acted herself into the part and is obsessed with the idea that Ritter himself is 'with us in spirit.' It is giving us the result we want, for she is acting superbly.

We'll have lunch together and then we can talk.

Yours very sincerely,

JEREMY."

Jeremy's secretary was waiting at the appointed spot to lead me to the Hallmark Studio. She was twenty-one at the most, but supremely self-possessed. I felt certain I was carrying my own twenty-nine years with a good deal less assurance. We walked down the long corridor on to which the Pinewood studios open and stopped at a doorway near the far end. There was a red bulb burning outside and we had to wait till it went off before we entered.

At first I thought the place was in darkness. Then I realised that we were behind a set of screens arranged to form three sides of a square. We climbed a flight of carpentered steps, came round the side of a property wall, and literally burst upon the scene. It represented the walled garden of a house in old Nuremberg and was vividly realistic. The plants and grass were, as far as I could see, the genuine article, and the house itself seemed to have been constructed of real bricks with properly made windows and doors.

Standing on the lawn was a tall, good-looking man in the uniform of a Luftwaffe General and beside him a young girl, slight and fair, wearing a dirndl skirt. They stood there unconcernedly, bathed in an unearthly light from above, while a small team of experts in shirt sleeves or gay pullovers fussed around them.

"That's Valmai Berensen," Ruth whispered to me. "Isn't she lovely?"

SHE was indeed. I'd heard it said that actresses look ghastly in film make-up, but under the arc lamps this girl was dazzlingly beautiful. Even while the acting was suspended there was a brittle intensity about her, which contrasted with Frederick Butler's jesting casualness.

The fourth side of the square, where the make-believe world ended, was filled by a row of folding canvas chairs placed on either side of the camera. Jeremy, from his seat right beside the camera, had seen us come in. He lifted one finger to beckon us over. He had forsaken his very correct suit for a sky-blue pullover and charcoal-grey slacks. He came a few steps to meet me and gave me his friendly smile. Operations were suspended until a seat had been placed for me between Jeremy and a very handsome, fair young man. Jeremy leant forward to introduce us.

"Miss Taylor, may I introduce Fritz Kassel? He's been lent by Kino Hamburg to advise us on German pronunciation and dialogue."

The young man was instantly on his feet. I held out my hand and found it transported to within a centimetre of his lips as he bent over it.

"I have read your book, Fraulein. *Meine schönste empfehlung.*"

Close behind us a young man with a good-humoured face cupped his hands round his mouth.

"Settle down now, kids. Quiet, everybody."

Something landed on my lap. I looked down to see an open script with Jeremy's finger pointing out the place.

"We've almost finished with this bit."

Her eyes opened and she lifted her head. "He's here! I saw him!—I know he's somewhere here!"



The scenes of air warfare had been shot elsewhere, some of them cleverly combined with actual German war films. The part being done at Pinewood was the story of Hans Ritter's personal romance. As the script had it:

*"... his love for a girl who turns out to have Jewish blood, the dreadful conflict of loyalties it arouses, his gradual revulsion from a political creed which is becoming hateful to him, his defiant marriage against the advice of his friends."*

A man with a hammer, who had been fixing little wedges on the floor to mark the position of the star's feet, ducked off the set. Someone else, as if on an afterthought, stretched a steel measuring tape from the camera lens to the tip of Valmai Berensen's nose. The colour man squinted at her through an eyeglass and Jeremy surveyed the whole scene through what looked like a pair of binoculars. He murmured something to the man behind his chair.

A voice shouted: "Spoil that Lily a couple of turns, Fred!"

The light dimmed almost imperceptibly. Jeremy nodded, apparently satisfied.

"Quiet, everybody, please." The Assistant Director was shouting again. "Shooting!"

THE purposeful buzz and hustle died down and a hundred odd technicians focussed their attention on the pair on the set. The faces of the electricians aiming the huge arc lamps were illuminated with faint blue: they wore an expression of anxious affection on their workaday faces as they gazed down on Valmai Berensen.

The silence was now complete. "O.K., Bob. Roll 'em." The clapper boy stepped out in front of the cameras as they started turning.

"One-o-four—take three."

The double piece of wood clapped and he stepped quickly back. Into the silence Jeremy threw the one word "Action." I thought his voice sounded strained, almost apprehensive.

The casual manner of the stars was gone as if at the wave of a wand. Valmai Berensen was suddenly a girl, who, of



"How can a man shoot himself twice?" Jeremy exploded. Valmai's eyes were fixed on the doorway of the house

her own will, is giving up the thing she wants most in the world. Frederick Butler was a high-minded young German officer, bewildered in his conflict between two loyalties.

I looked down, trying to follow the script and at the same time watch the two actors on the set.

104. GARDEN OF THE FRANKENBURG'S HOUSE. EVENING.

NINA and HANS come out through the door into the GARDEN. They are both deeply troubled by the last conversation. They walk slowly towards the CAMERA, stop, and face each other unhappily.

NINA (her voice almost breaking with emotion): If I am cruel, it is for your sake. Please don't make it harder for me. Please go now while I still have the strength to ask it.

HANS stands, hesitating. We somehow feel that if he goes now they will never meet again. He gazes at her steadily and we can see the struggle going on inside him. But NINA's head is bowed now. She will not look at him.

HANS (squares his shoulders, his face suddenly hardening): Very well, mein liebchen, since that is what you ask of me.

HANS turns towards the GATE, walks slowly away from her. She looks up now, watching him with clenched fists, biting her lower lip to silence the tears that are flooding her eyes. The GATE opens, closes. He is gone.

NINA: Hans!

The word comes out in a great, heartbreaking sob. She breaks down, torn by uncontrollable weeping.

We still hear the sound of her weeping as the CAMERA slowly swings up above her head, above the garden, above the house to a MONTAGE OF STORM CLOUDS.

SLOW DISSOLVE.

"Cut!"

Jeremy's voice beside me broke the spell. The scene had been so realistic that there were tears in my own eyes. The cameras had stopped turning, the hum and bustle had started again.

"Cut!"

Jeremy had repeated the word, half-rising from his seat. There was a sudden renewal of silence. Everyone hesitated, looking towards the centre of the set, realising that something was wrong. Valmai Berensen was still standing there, her face covered by her hands, unable to stop crying. Almost at once Frederick Butler came back through the gate. He went quickly to Valmai and put his hands on her shoulders to steady her. Gradually she stopped sobbing, looked wildly round her like someone waking from a nightmare. Then she pushed Frederick gently away.

"Sorry, Jeremy. I'm afraid I overdid it a bit."

"You were wonderful, darling. Thank you for a magnificent scene."

THE uncomfortable moment seemed to be over. Lights and cameras were moved round so that they could photograph Frederick Butler's back as Valmai would have seen him when he went out through the door. She sat down on one of the garden seats behind the camera. Her dresser took one hand to pat it and placed an arm behind her to support her back. I thought it was (Continued on page 63)

Whether it is fashion



or beauty



or



hair or even the way we walk

and talk women are

following the dictates of

men because...



Men

Know

Best

says

G R E T A

L A M B

As far as I know there has never been a woman dictator. But men dictators abound—even in our democracy.

Lower your waistline. Flatten your bosom. Make yourself a triangle—and like lambs we obey the dictums all laid down by men.

My tailor is no Dior but he can twist me round his finger. I go to him determined on grey worsted; if he gets the bit between his teeth I come out having left an order for navy flannel. Give the man his due, he is usually right.

Then there are the beauticians. It is they who decide whether we shall be pink and baby-faced, or angular and starkly dead-pan. Many of the beauticians are men, or, anyway, a solid phalanx of them are at work behind women who lead in the beautician's world.

What other dictators do we women bow to?

Hairdressers. "Chop it all off!" they demand. "So we chop. "No waves, no curls!" they decree. Overnight we all become gamines. At least, if we don't actually do it we harbour a sneaking feeling that we should.

I consider I know what I want; but when I go to my hairdresser with a tear-out from a magazine of some glorious haircut à la Grace Kelly the look on his face quells me at once. He does my hair his way. I complain and fuss and continue to go to him.

Sometimes I have a quiet smile to myself when I am eating in a restaurant. I see two women dining together. Obviously women of mettle. Self-assured, not likely to be easily intimidated. Only until the *maitre d'hotel* gets working on them. "Madame would enjoy the *Poulet Basquaise*, with *petits pois* and *champignon aux creme*," he says, with a sunny smile, and a slightly challenging tone. Madame was thinking of her diet and a simple little omelette, but no. It ends with the *Poulet Basquaise*.

I smile, and sympathise and wonder what would happen if a waitress told her what she should eat.

(Continued on page 74)



# On the Third Day . . .

by URSULA BLOOM

*I wanted to cry "I'm glad" and beside me an atheist whispered  
"I suppose there couldn't be anything in it after all?"*

**I**N a changing world, dimmed by the uncertainty of a to-morrow which may never be, Easter has still a titanic message to give. It is the great festival of truth. It is the symbol of rebirth, and it convinced me of this with a startling force, years ago, when I first went to live in Malta.

My husband was stationed there in H.M.S. *Royal Oak*, and one early springtime I went to join him. The days were warm as June in England, and I found myself in an island of jangling bells, of ancient temples, and fascinated by a people whose strain was Phœnician and Carthaginian, and sometimes with a touch of the Arab. It was a Catholic island, but, then, much of the superstitions and fetishes of the pagan had crept in, or, perhaps, it would be better to say, had never been turned out.

It was in Holy Week that I was so attracted by the celebrations that were held there, and in that way later came face to face with the message that Easter had for me.

Good Friday was full of pageantry. My husband and I watched processions to the "Seven Sepulchres," and the penitents who marched through the streets of Citta Vecchia (the old capital), and we attended every service that we could.

That evening, when he had returned to his ship, I sat talking to two visitors to the Island, and they were the people who told me of the Saturday service to be held in St. John's Cathedral. It was something they had come here to visit, and I gathered that it was called "The service of the Resurrection." After a little while one of them, who professed to be an atheist, asked if I would care to go with them. I was delighted. We should have to sit in the Protestants' gallery, and they warned me that the service started very early, and was intolerably dull



Giovanni Bellini's "Transfiguration"

for a very long time, but the final stages of it were said to be well worth the tedium. I agreed not to be too bored.

We were called early, had a quick breakfast and set off for the cathedral at eight o'clock. It was a normal April day in Valletta, with the shops already open and the little Indians doing brisk business with flashy kimonos, tortoise-shell dressing sets and all kinds of trinkets. The air was perfumed with the scent of lilies, which were everywhere, and the Judas trees were rosy. These are said to be the tree on which Judas hanged himself, in consequence of which the white flowers were dyed purple with his blood and to-day are always colourful.

We neared the cathedral itself, with the men who sell unhappy caged birds squatting on the broad pavement before it, whining to tourists, though to-day the seedy-looking guides who usually showed people the tombs of the Knights of Malta, were not working. The bells were quiet. But, in general, there was no suggestion of a great service pending, and entering the cool, composed atmosphere of St. John's, I almost wondered if the men had made a mistake about it.

The Protestants' gallery ran across the west end, close to the ceiling, painted by Matteo Preti in the seventeenth century, and the proximity of its titan figures gave us an unreal feeling.

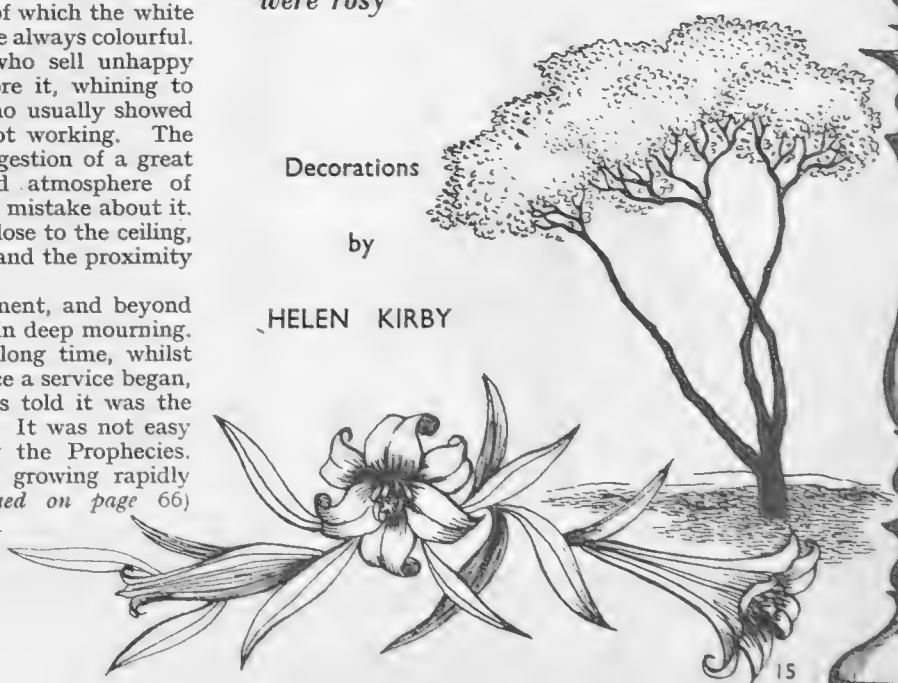
Below was the nave, not overcrowded at the moment, and beyond it the chancel, everything veiled, for the church was in deep mourning. We sat down, aware that this was going to be a long time, whilst below us the Maltese came and went. In the distance a service began, somewhat dreary and uninspired, I thought. I was told it was the blessing of fire and of water, of pulpit and of font. It was not easy to follow. When this finished they began reading the Prophecies. Sitting there in the dim cathedral, with the day growing rapidly warmer, I flagged, and my interest (Continued on page 66)

*"The air was perfumed with the scent  
of lilies and the Judas trees  
were rosy"*

Decorations

by

HELEN KIRBY



SHERARD'S EYE  
VIEW...

of  
Paris  
and  
London

by

MICHAEL SHERARD

# THE SUMMING UP



The long, fitted body line flaring into fullness at the hips. Jean Desses' model



THE spring and summer couture fashion shows have come and gone in London, Paris, Italy and Madrid. These were shown to the International Press and overseas buyers from all over the world. Tens of thousands of words have been reported, some wise, some extremely foolish and irrelevant. Hundreds of arc-lamps blazed, hundreds of flash-lamps burned, and scores of Europe's loveliest girls posed, so that photographs could be taken for us all to see, in magazines and newspapers, what has come out of the melting-pot this season, and to enable each one of us to sum up for ourselves the changed line.

We must be wary, for often these are of clothes, far from the true trend of fashion, vulgar, eccentric and tasteless. Chosen to be photographed and made only in the beginning as "eye-catchers." The buyers will have bought, either to copy exactly, at very high prices, or to adapt for wholesale mass production; they will not have thought twice about the flashy clothes but deeply and with an eye to cut, detail and colour, for they will pay a high price for the models they select, and have also paid a high premium to see these collections. They will copy much they do not buy.

Dior, the greatest publicised name at the present time, has dropped an asperate and, from all one hears, been ultra French, in the naughtier sense of the word, in his décolleté. That has great tantalising news value, but I, for one, am sure that Dior, who is an extremely nice and charming man, and master of a brilliant team, could not want or think of women looking as if they were playing a part in some bawdy Restoration comedy. It is just an exaggerated fashion story, and although it was immediately contradicted and denied, it has, just the same, been most successful in rousing and intriguing many readers, also making them more aware of the name Dior.

But for all the alphabet and newsprint, from all I have seen and heard so far, two shapes have emerged. The acceptance of a natural bust, which is now inclined to seem flatter on account of the long bodyline, slim to the lower hip, then flaring into fullness given either by gores, bias cut or pleats. The second

(Continued on page 66)

10

pages

# of *Spring fashion*

— the most exciting and inviting  
ideas for clothes and accessories  
chosen from the Paris  
and London Collections

Dior's A-bomb is less devastating than the H, and those who have not acquired any clothes of the sterner line will be glad they waited. The basic A-line dress has a chemise top, the straight, square neckline helping the bust to look high, round and small. The bodice follows the line of the body to the hipbone, and the real waist is not belted. From the hip the wide, short skirt flares out. Variations on this theme are, in Dior's own words, as capricious as spring weather; basques often emphasize the hips, and dress jackets are mid-thigh length, but the belt may wander as high as the diaphragm, as it did in Jane Austen's day. Always the shoulders are natural, the sleeves short (with long gloves) or absent, the collars small or absent. Wool and silk—especially shantung—are favoured materials, and the natural golds of shantung, together with Marie Antoinette blue, and pink, are favoured summer colours. Chestnut, black, grey and navy remain right for town. The Dior mannequins' hair was either very short, or long and coiled in a chignon.

Popular hats are the coolie and the cloche—the first getting ever bigger, the second smaller. The most appealing new shoe is the peasant clog with uppers in bright, soft, leather.

Waistlessness was in the air, and Geneviève Fath showed her late husband's "drinking straw" line, which is straight from shoulders to hips (already a shirt worn *inside* a skirt looks passé); and "candle snuffer" coats, with inverted V-pleats falling from the armholes.

Jean Dessès was the most apocryphal of the Parisians: he alone featured huge collars, and basques standing out from the hips to illustrate his "full flight" theme. He also introduced eighteenth-century pants tied under the knee with velvet ribbons and lace frills below, to be worn instead of petticoats.

Waistlessness was also in the London (Continued on page 84)

Unbroken line from  
neck to hip on Digby  
Morton's dress in white  
Celanese silk

February 1955 saw a new French Revolution—and you too must

# FOLLOW *your* LEADER

The Fath and Dior outlines seen at their point of most extreme contrast: *right* Fath's figure-fitting bodice leads into a skirt tailored but full, encircled at two-thirds length with a black sash. Worn with a fan-shaped coat of black taffeta



Above right, the Dior outline at its most severe in a black suit, worn with a Sienna-coloured scarf-neck chiffon blouse. The shoulders are narrow; the bust small and high; the waist unidentified; the hips accentuated by the pockets, low buttoning, and mid-thigh length of the jacket; the skirt, here, is narrow

**P**leats make Maggy Rouff's

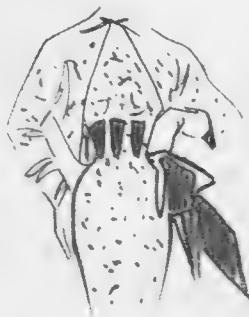
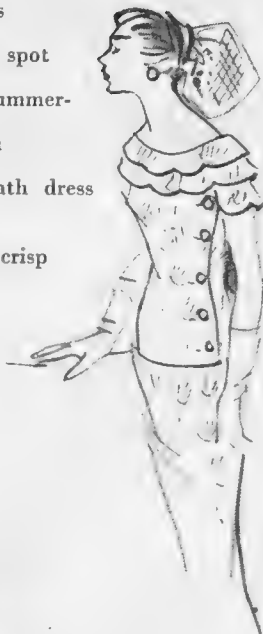
day dress *left* in white with blue spot

Slotted ribbon makes a cummerbund with a difference on

Manguin's cotton sheath dress *below*

Scallops make a young, crisp collar-into-sleeves on

Givenchy's cocktail dress of embossed cotton-satin *right*



**N**ina Ricci's tapering silhouette *left* in an afternoon

dress of black wool, with wide, stiff shawl-collar, white modesty-vest, and bands at below-waist and hip level leading into simulated basque.

Manguin's evening dress

*right* of pink-flecked

cotton satin,

step-gathered, worn with

red woollen circular

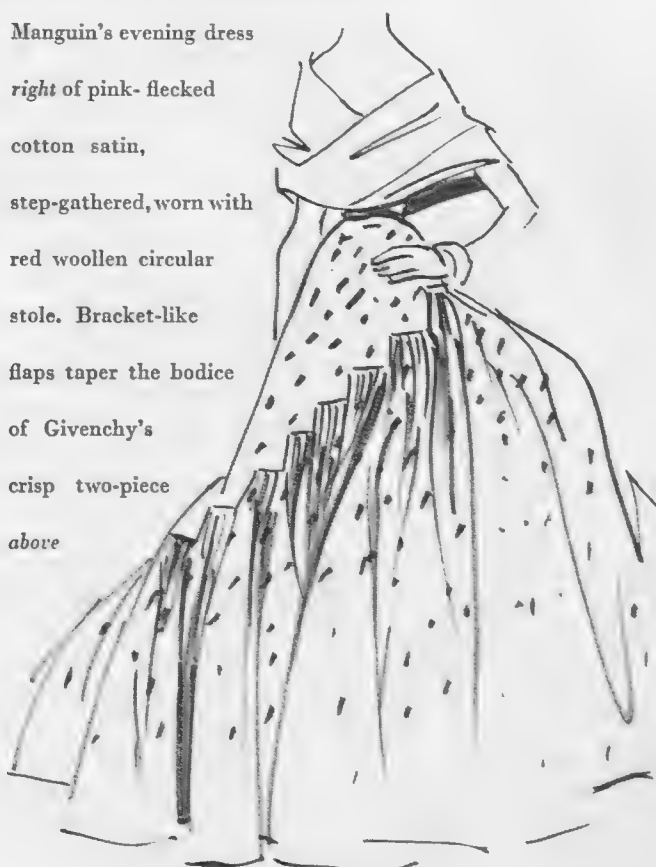
stole. Bracket-like

flaps taper the bodice

of Givenchy's

crisp two-piece

*above*



Slim suits, pretty dresses, gay accessories

# IN LONDON—NOW



**MERRY WIDOW** is the name of Ronald Paterson's frilly cape of sapphire and amethyst blue tulle, which would bring a touch of Toulouse Lautrec's gay nineties into any ballroom



**BEADS** have found new worlds to conquer: *above*, chalky beads round a red hat by Madame Marcelle was shown in the Sherard collection. The small bucket cloche—a favourite—is tilted well forward



**HAPPY YELLOW** is the colour of John Cavanagh's organdi muff (*left*) to light up a dark cocktail suit. The blazer (*below*) is the hiplength style we shall enjoy wearing most: Matli's in scarlet facecloth



**EMBROIDERY** reminiscent of a Chinese rice-pattern agrees well with the simple line of Michael Sherard's dress (*left*) in sugar-almond-mauve shantung



**JOHN CAVANAGH:** (*left*) navy alpaca dress with a long jacket-like bodice fitted close as a glove. Focal point is the double cuff across the hips. The skirt swings into pleats at the back, culminating in central buttoning. The gentle neckline has a turtle-lip of striped silk. **LACHASSE:** (*right*) back interest again in the long unfitted line of a tweed suit. The eye is directed to the hips by a button-anchored V-fold. The skirt shows a release of pleats at knee-level



**MATTLI:** The apotheosis of cotton is reached in this spring-into-summer dress, bespattered with tiny flowers. Self-covered buttons trim the slender bodice. From beneath the hip-clinging belt the gathered skirt swings out.

**HARDY AMIES:** Entrancing dress (above) is in brilliant emerald silk jersey printed with blue and white floral motifs. The draping quality of this material is shown to perfection in the folded neckline, the long-swathed bodice curving over the hips, and softly-falling skirt.

It is time to look ahead to Summer, for

# APRIL'S HERE



*Left:*

Screen-printed poplin dress by Bijou, about £4 19s. 6d. Hat in natural pedal straw, velvet-lined, by Dolores, about 8½ gns. Clark's black patent slant-cut sandals, £3 9s. 6d. Embroidered petticoat by Sterling, 12s. 11d. List of stockists of garments on this page and pages 24-26 is on page 84

*Centre:*

Dress in Marchington cotton, with cyclamen, peacock, hyacinth blue, kingfisher or tangerine predominating, by Betty Barclay, £5 2s. 6d. Clark's two-tone sandals, beige, pink/blue, black/white, £2 9s. 9d. Vilene petticoat by Sterling, £1. *Right:* Dress in needle-run organza by Elizabeth Henry, about 22 gns. Pumps by Gamba



Suit and topcoat in beige or blue, light or dark : by Mornessa, 23 gns. Chamois felt hat by Dolores, about 4 gns.

For walking and talking : Cashmere sweater by Ballantyne, about 8½ gns. Cigarette pleated skirt in black, white, navy, grey or evergreen : by Hershelle, 7½ gns.



For outdoor sport : *Left*, cream duffel coat in thick wool lined with red satin : by Ledux, £9 12s. 6d. Skirt in Scotch tweed by Glen-Har, £3 19s. 6d. *Right* : Dent's zipped corduroy golfing jacket in a colour-choice of blue, wine, oyster, tan, gay green, chocolate, cherry, rust, donkey, bottle or grey. Proofed wrap-round skirt by Howard Flint—royal blue, yellow, red, ice-blue, green, navy and fawn—about £3 7s. 6d.

# IN CAMERA



Summer-weight bra and belt in nylon voile edged with blue tartan ribbon. By Corsets Silhouette, 8s. 11d. and £1 9s. 11d.



Nylon lace bra with rubber underpads for extra support, 19s. 11d.

Nylon net elastic pull-on belt, £1 2s. 11d.

Both by English Rose



Long-line corselet "Rivoli" gives a high, "apple round" bust contour, thus making the stem-waist a possibility for every woman. In black or white nylon lace, by Youthlines, 7 gns. Sumptuous quilted housecoat in Courtaulds rayon satin, ruby, emerald, amethyst, and other jewel colours. By Hitchcock Williams, about £8 10s.

# FOR *Appearance's* SAKE . . .

*Grooming begins in the wardrobe,*

*The immaculate suit,*

*the crisp shirt, the*

*sleek accessories*

*which compose the*

*cared-for look have*

*a happy home life.*

*A good clothes closet*

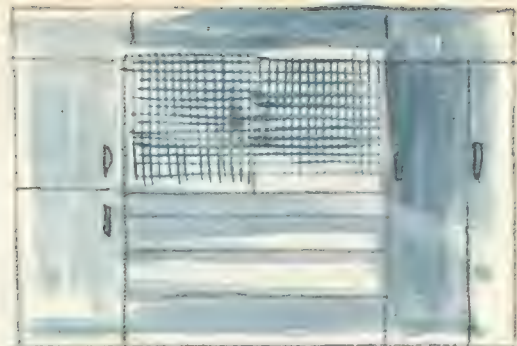
*is like a good*

*filing system and leaves*

*nothing to chance*

Illustrations by

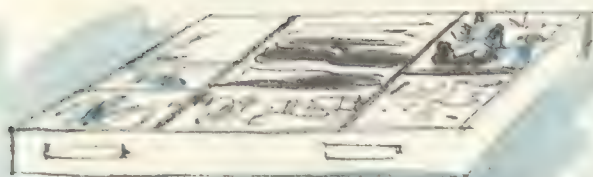
SHEILA TIZZARD



The complete unit. The divided cupboard on the left takes care of blouses and suits. In the centre are pigeon-holes for hats and, above it all, a slide-front section for suitcases



The narrowest cupboard is fitted with racks for shoes; left of it is a cupboard for dresses with a full-length mirror hung inside the door



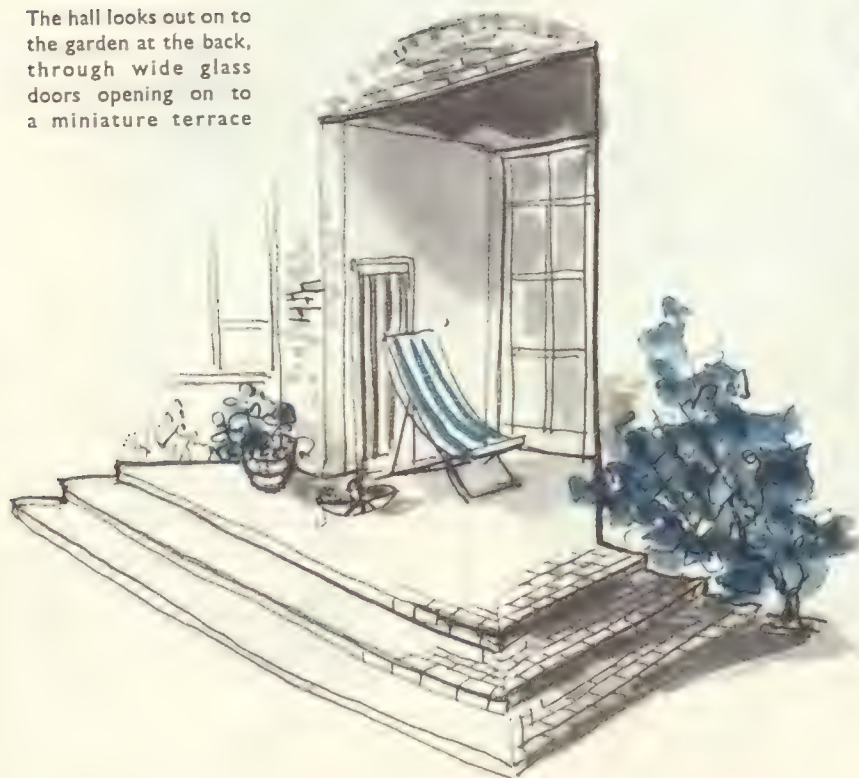
The topmost centre drawer is sectioned to keep belts, handkerchiefs, gloves and small accessories from mixing





Smooth Hill was planned for a family of four when building limits of size and price were in force. It contrives four bedrooms within the limits of a 1,500 sq. ft. floor area, yet retains a picturesque roof line

The hall looks out on to the garden at the back, through wide glass doors opening on to a miniature terrace



# DESIGN

*for a*

# FAMILY

# HOUSE

*Illustrations by JANE HARVEY*

*Planned for family living within a limited floor area, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Julian Badcock in Cobham, Surrey, was designed by Paul Badcock, F.R.I.B.A. . . . described by Brian Freestone*

**H**OW cheaply can I build a reasonably sized house, is a question many people are asking. The answer is: "You can't—cheaply." But a lot can be done by skilful planning within the average limits of house prices today. The example on these pages is one such.

"Smooth Hill," Cobham, was built under restrictions of price and size, yet contrives within a traditional design to meet the requirements of a growing family. Though architects are no longer limited by size, the price factor is still dominant, and it is this which makes "Smooth Hill" as interesting today as when it was started in 1952.

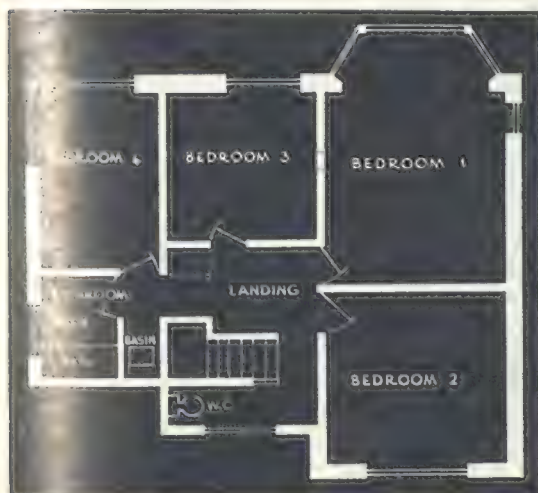
Then, the price would have been rather less than it is today, but as a guide it may be said that such a house now would cost in the region of £4,000 for building costs, on top of which would have to be added the cost of the land, architects' fees and so on.

First and foremost "Smooth Hill" is a "traditional" house, which means in effect that the architect was faced first with the problem of incorporating orthodox living and dining rooms and kitchen, and because it was catering for a family of parents and two children, four bedrooms were considered a "must"; at the same time a traditional appearance was essential, and a square box shape, which is the simplest means of achieving maximum size and number of rooms, was "out."

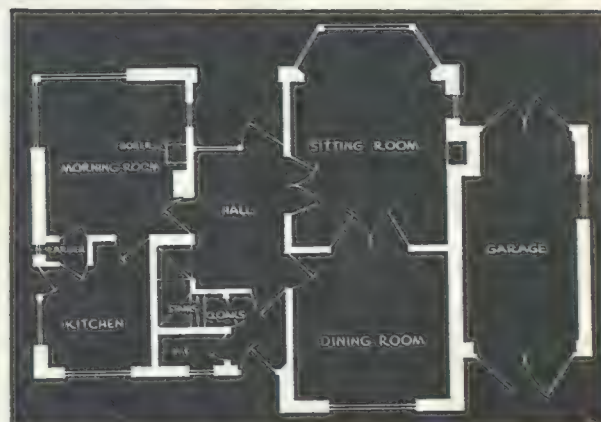
Careful planning was needed to utilize every inch of space within the 1,500 sq. ft. (Continued on page 84)



Cornerwise windows for maximum light in the children's playroom



Photographs show: Top right, general view of sitting-room; below left, the hall. Bottom right is a corner of the breakfast or children's play-room, and alongside, part of the kitchen. Stairhead detail: left to bedrooms, right, toilet





A golden voice, edged  
with irritation, said:  
"Take Totty down from  
the Venetian bracket"

# TOTTY'S *Love* AFFAIR

By NORREY FORD

Illustration by COLEMAN

ONCE upon a time there was a cat named Totty who fell in love with a Mr. Barrington. . . .

Totty was a plain black cat with a white chest, not out of the top basket, but she had high ideas. Her best trick was to pose upon a gilded bracket, which was supported by two slender cupids, and hung over the drawing-room door. Upon this high perch, Totty would narrow her eyes to green slits, set back her ears until her head seemed reptilian, and behave as if the Riddle of the Sphinx was just a parlour game. She had a sense of theatre. Not surprising, as she had been brought up in the exquisite home of Francesca Lane, the actress.

"Melody," said Francesca, the golden voice edged with irritation, "take Totty down from the Venetian bracket. You really must keep her out of this room. If she should break anything. . . ." It was unnecessary to finish the sentence, because Francesca was a collector of unusual and beautiful bric-à-brac and she had fine taste and money.

Melody was Francesca's daughter. She was eighteen, though Francesca preferred her to

look sixteen. She had green eyes and a freckled nose and her smile was trusting and generous. She despised elegance and chic, and had set her heart on a career in social welfare.

"She is only being Cleopatra. Come down, Totty my love. Fish."

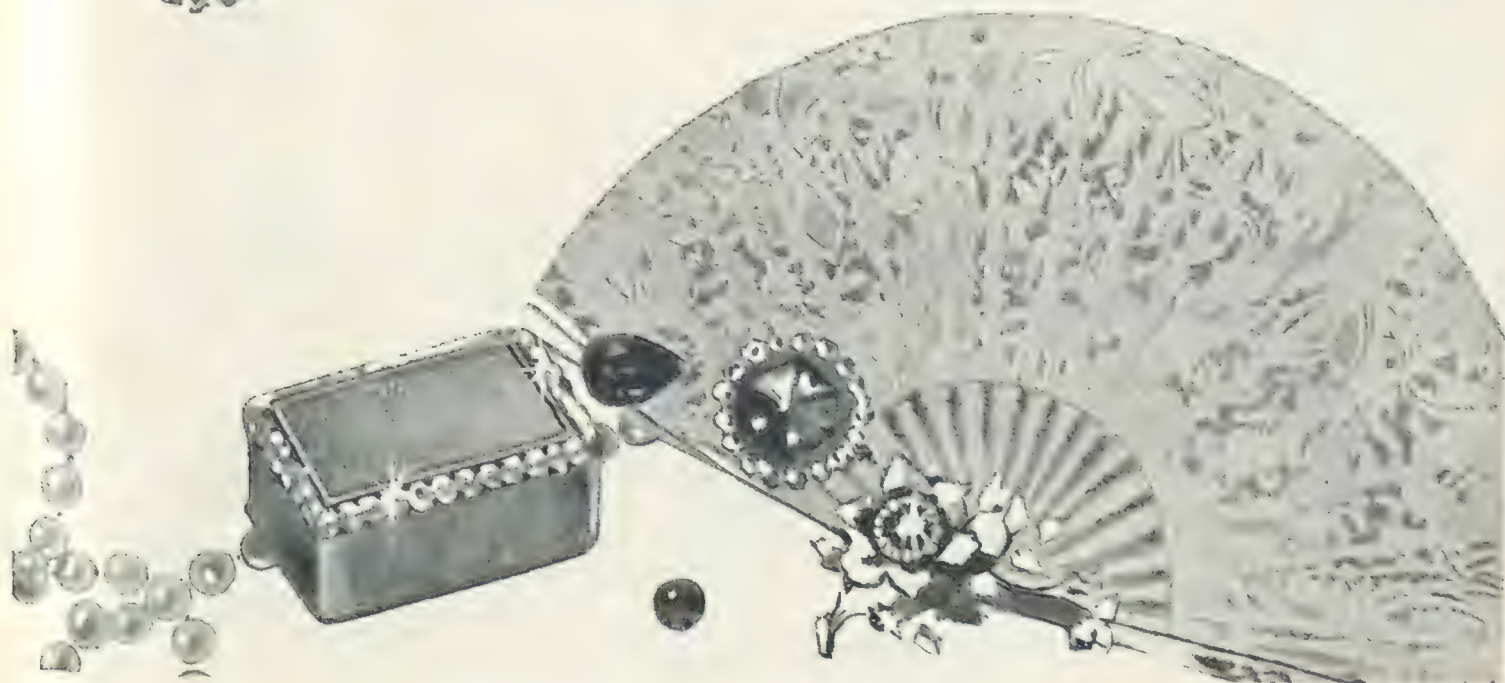
Totty, impelled by affection and fish-lust, performed her other trick of jumping down from the bracket on to Melody's head, balancing delicately and looking about her for applause.

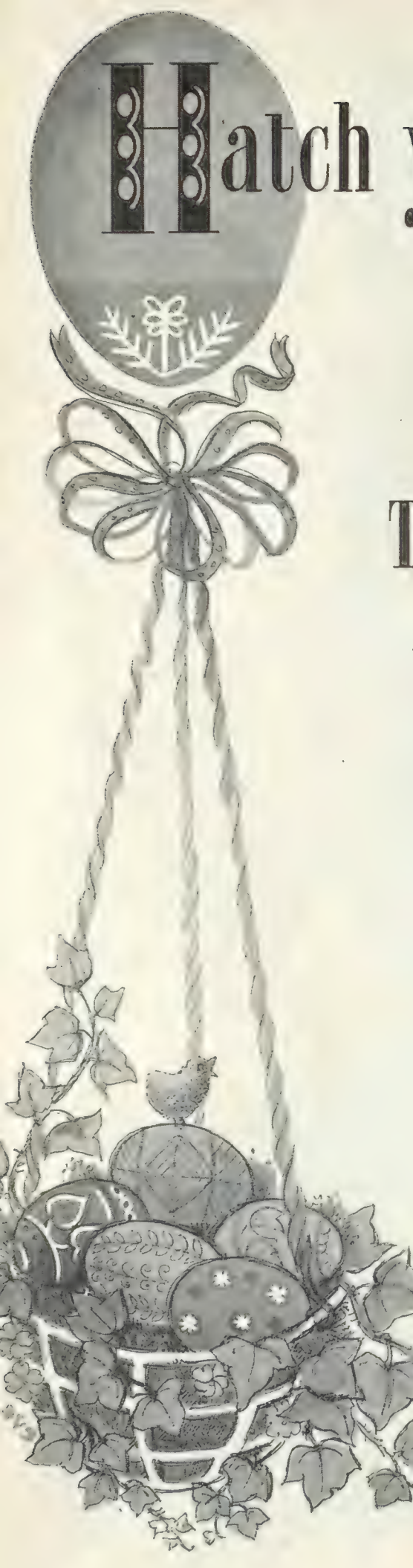
"One day she'll scratch you dreadfully," Francesca complained. "If she ever does that to one of my friends. . . ."

Melody took Totty off her head and said, "She only does it to people she loves." She retired to the kitchen with the cat in her arms and gave it practically a whole tin of cat food. "Please, Totty, don't go in the drawing-room," she whispered, "and don't climb on the bracket."

Totty tucked white paws under her and got down to the cat food without making any promises.

Presently they were joined by Bill, who had the sense to look for them in the kitchen because he was the son of a (Continued on page 68)





# Hatch your own design

*In foil-covered chocolate or coloured marzipan, the Easter Egg is the modern counterpart of the Pace Egg with a tradition as old as history itself*

ARTICLE AND ILLUSTRATIONS BY ESME EVE

**T**HE egg and Easter are indivisible. In all the traditions and customs handed down through the centuries it has predominated.

The Pace Egg, which symbolizes new life and the Resurrection, has its modern counterpart in marzipan and chocolate which is pretty enough but, in the past, eggs have been most elaborately and intricately decorated. Flowers, birds, animals and tiny landscapes, not to say jewels and precious metals, have all been used. In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries there were some particularly lovely examples which are still in private collections, and many of these were brought together in an exhibition organized by Bewley's in London last year, including the lovely specimen painted by Whistler and shown (centre right) in the colour picture.

The most sophisticated are the jewelled masterpieces created by Carl Fabergé for Alexander the Third of Russia and the Tsarina. These almost priceless examples wrought in gold, enamel and precious stones are dazzling enough on the outside, but they open to disclose some even brighter jewel of workmanship within. One lovely example now in the collection of Wartski, the great specialist in the art of Fabergé, conceals an exquisite miniature in gold of the Tsarina's coach.

But the true Pace Egg is a part of the tradition and art of the people, personal and individual. A very usual way of

decorating both in this country and on the Continent was to draw the design on the shell with a piece of sharpened candle or wax. The egg was then dipped into vegetable dye, the wax forming a resistant coat resulting in a white pattern on a rich coloured ground. This method was used in the examples of Czechoslovak eggs illustrated and is still in common use today.

The eggs are first hard boiled then, with the sharpened candle—small cake candles are the best—or a white wax crayon, mark out the design. Cochineal or any other of the colours used in confectionery will provide the brilliant background colours. A few touches of gold poster colour add sparkle. The simplest motifs are often the most successful; stars, snowflakes and stripes can all look pretty.

At Easter a bowl of these gay eggs set between vases of daffodils and narcissi on the table are enchanting. Alternatively, fill a bread or fruit basket with dry moss, twigs of catkins and young leaves and arrange brilliant coloured eggs between.

Another method of colouring eggs is to wrap them in the outer skins of onions and then to boil them. This gives them a delightful mottled effect and a colour varying from rich brown to yellow.

Long ago Pace Egging was a traditional Easter ritual, so decorate your eggs, for it is a centuries' old belief that on Easter morning "the sun dances through the sky."

END

Whether painted with a delicate Whistler design, or decorated with folk art garishness, the charm of the Pace Egg is in its colouring





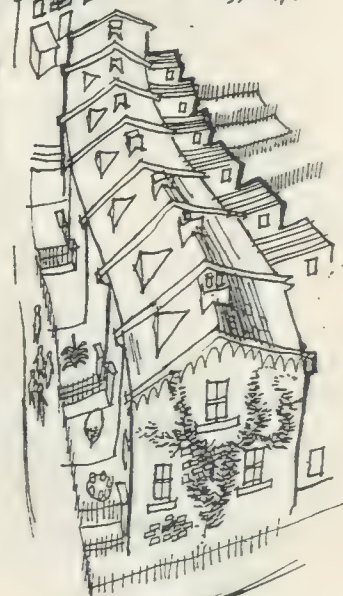
Colour photograph by Deighton Wilkes

"English village life was more idyllic then than it was ever to be again . . . what contentment it radiated!" The peace of the English scene of yesterday is reflected here in this photograph of the village of Turville in Buckinghamshire



No

*A woman "tells" her bees,  
thatch dreams in the moonlight and  
a cottage disappears—these  
are memories of a changing world*



Way

WHEN I ponder on the change that has come over the countryside in our time I find myself remembering the village of Biddington where I lived in the halcyon days of the late twenties. Even then it was a long way behind the times. Its four hundred inhabitants marched always a pace behind their neighbours in the next villages and obviously liked it better that way.

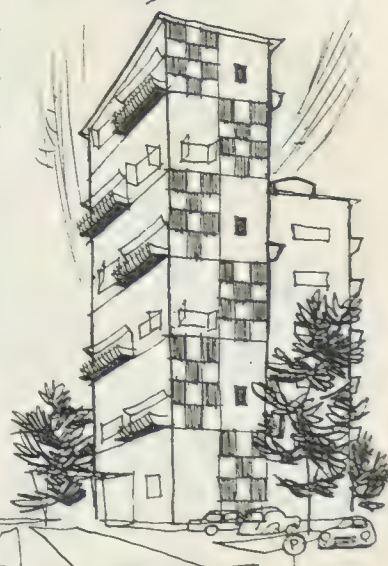
Old customs lingered longer in Biddington than in most places, old manners continued to be preferred. On May Morning, for instance, when the children ran through the village with maypoles and posies, there would always be one or more of them carrying a doll in a garland of wild flowers, a reminder, though they did not know it, of Mary whose month it was.

And on May 29 it was practically compulsory for the youngsters to wear an oak-apple in commemoration of King Charles's adventure in the oak tree, since, if they did not, they would have their bare knees slashed with stinging-nettles.

The cottage women "told" their bees, when somebody in the family died, lest they should leave the hive. The men banded themselves together at midnight and went to pull down obstructions that had been erected across rights-of-way which they considered inviolably theirs.

Squiredom in the village had disappeared, which was surprising; but the little community nevertheless achieved a unity more reminiscent of the eighteenth than of the twentieth century; and the person round whom it adhered was the vicar, whose common humanity would have made us love him anyway.

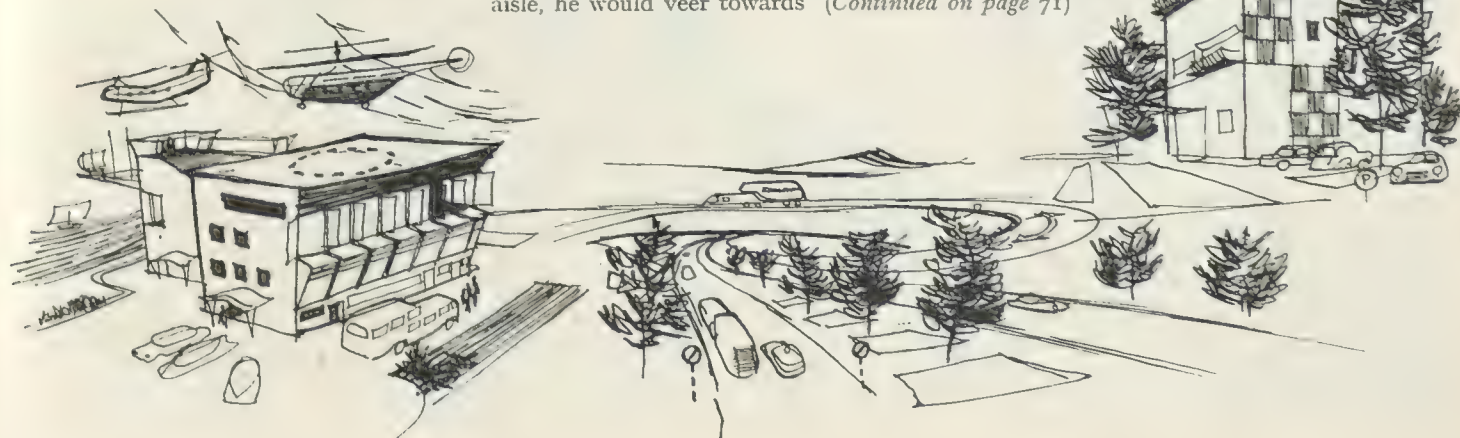
He was a devotee of the new-fangled crossword puzzles; and at morning service, as he stalked up the aisle, he would veer towards (Continued on page 71)



Back

By C. HENRY WARREN

Illustration by DENIS BISHOP



# Velvet lawns, dust pans and Blossom...



A bird's eye view of Hurtmore farm with lawns and rockpool near the house screened from the kitchen garden by a hedge

By

ELIZABETH

HAY

WHEN we lived abroad we were often homesick, but never so much as when the Spring came. Then the thought of England tugged our hearts and we yearned for our garden at home. Even now, permanently here again, I get a lovely feeling of anticipation in the last months of winter. One feels the advent of Spring in a garden long before its beauty is disclosed.

Once or twice in recent years Roy and I have snatched a short spring holiday without the children and gone over to Holland to see the bulbs in bloom. The sweeping *vistas* of colour are wonderful to contemplate, yet in the midst of it all my inward eye turns to the picture of our huge old apple tree blossoming against the grey stone wall at home, and to the daffodils in the grass around it. The end of our holiday—much as we love it—is softened by the welcome of our own garden.

April is a bewildering month in a way. If like myself your heart is divided between the home and the garden you are called outside by the sun and the things waiting to be done there. At the same time sun in the house points to the spring-cleaning, not to mention summer dresses to make for the children. How is one to know where to start?

There is an exciting urgency about it all. Not that I make a fetish of spring cleaning. We are pretty well equipped with labour-saving devices indoors, as we are in the garden and, thus armed, I never allow the house to reach the point where it need be disorganized for spring scouring, though naturally it cannot all be dodged.

Last year we had the central heating overhauled and that did turn the place upside down, but I don't have that to face again.

Making the garden look spring cleaned is rather a different kettle of fish, because the things that give the spruced-up appearance of a spring clean cannot be kept up during the winter. Well-cut, neatly edged lawns and tidy grass paths do make a spectacular difference to the look of a garden. This is where my mechanical tools come in. Tackling the ever recurrent job of maintenance with labour-saving tools is about comparable with vacuum-sweeping a carpet and getting on to all fours with a brush and dustpan—only more so.

At our last cottage we had much less grass than we have now and I managed very well with the lightest of aluminium mowers. Later we made a sunken lawn with sloping banks and this I found quite exasperating to manage with a hand mower, so we had it electrified. This simplified matters a lot. So, we started off at this house with our electric mower which had only twelve-inch blades and a

(Continued on page 82)

# Elusive Husband

By MARJORIE STACE

Illustrations by SAWYER

OF the three de Brise children Claudine was now the most cherished, the most pampered, watched-over and guarded.

After the fall of her sister Elise, and the disgrace of her brother Pierre, Claudine was now the only hope left to *Maman*, the others having defeated her plans for them, only to suffer accordingly.

Elise, older than Claudine by eight years, had married unsuitably and been flung back upon *Maman* two years later and was now become a pale, tireless handmaid to the de Brise family.

Pierre, the middle child and only son, who was to have followed his father into respectable industry, had defied *Maman* by going, most unexpectedly, to Hollywood.

"Of Pierre we no longer speak!" *Maman* had cried stonily when his escape was first discovered. And both Elise and Papa de Brise had been compelled to a reluctant admiration of her strength in this terrible moment of her defeat.

So now there was only Claudine, who was nineteen and with her red-gold hair and creamy skin was of a beauty indescribable. To her fell the lot of rectifying the short-



Claudine was to make a brilliant marriage and with that in view was taken by *Maman* to every notable function...



Helena Bennet's voice rose above all other sounds. "Buck . . . ing . . . ham Pal . . . iss!" she enunciated loudly

comings of her recalcitrant brother and sister.

*Maman's* plans for her were ambitious. She was to have the careful education in such arts as *cuisine, décor, ouvrage à fleurs* and *conversation*.

After that, she would make a brilliant marriage and so retrieve *Maman's* thwarted ambitions for the other two. *Maman*, tall, hawk-eyed but not unbeautiful in a forbidding, aristocratic way, was a great believer in the correct social *milieu* for Claudine. For if the child moved constantly among the "right" people then it would be among them that she would find the "right" husband. He was, of course, to be French, of unimpeachable and aristocratic family: a man of culture, refinement, wit and intelligence. He was also to be rich, and of any age between twenty and fifty. It was all so easy provided one had a beautiful, tractable daughter such as Claudine, and an industrious, tolerant husband such as Henri.

With her particular requirements ever in mind, *Maman* took Claudine (always exquisitely gowned and groomed) to every notable function, every fashionable *plage*.

ONCE, in the ruby velvet and crystal *salon* of a currently famous novelist, *Maman* thought she had found her man. But—no; upon further inquiry it was revealed that M'sieu le Comte had a defect in his family—his mother had been an actress. And not only an actress but a famous one.

Hastily, Claudine was removed from the company of M'sieu le Comte and re-arranged with a group of older but reliable people whose mothers, had they acted at all, would have done

so (only for charity and the fun of it) very badly.

It was inevitable that in time Papa de Brise should complain of the cost of launching his youngest child.

"*Des additions des couturières!*" he stormed, waving a sheaf of bills. "*Coiffeurs!* . . ."

"But one must of a certainty be practical," said *Maman* coolly. "Such money is to be regarded as an investment."

"But for me an investment with no return!" cried Monsieur de Brise, who was a business man as well as practical.

"Henri!" Proud and scandalized, the hawk-eyes of *Maman* glittered. "Do not forget that in time there will be the settlement."

Papa de Brise was not impressed.

"In time! In time! But *when?*" he insisted. Then, in a tone of rare finality, "So!" The sheaf was returned to an inner pocket and the waistcoat pulled smartly down. "For this year no more Monte Carlo, no more Cannes. . . ."

"But . . . Henri! . . ."

"Or of a certainty we shall be dissolved," added Papa in solemn tones.

Which is how Claudine, heavily chaperoned by *Maman*, went to the less fashionable resort of Les Roches Fleuris where she quickly fell in love with George Bennet, a young man who was uncompromisingly English, of unknown family, no marked culture and (it later transpired) was of an income that fell far short of *Maman's* requirements.

Every morning after *petit déjeuner* the couple escaped the vigilant eye of *Maman* and swam out to the white raft anchored



beyond the rocks : but not, of course, together.

Claudine, reed-slim in the Bikini which every self-respecting young French lady wears, would stand above the water for a moment, twisting up her long coppery hair into a pert knot (she never swam in a bathing cap) before lowering herself neatly and without fuss into the clear, blue depths.

As if by coincidence (and not at all as if he'd been watching in desperate anxiety for her to appear) George would come sauntering down on to the sun-warmed rocks and dive (often somewhat raggedly through over-anxiety to do his best) from the board.

Once on the raft, Claudine would unpin that incredible red hair and flounce it out round her creamy, water-jewelled shoulders.

THUS would George see her from the water, silhouetted against the dazzling sun, shaking out that glorious, naturally curly hair as she perched gracefully on the raft like some exquisite mermaid on a sunny rock.

Later, when Claudine was ready to slip back into the water, she would pin up her hair again with one deft, quick movement, leaving only damp little tendrils before the lobes of her small ears and in the nape of her neck.

It was this delicious bit of feminine witchery which had first enchanted George.

The raft quickly became their refuge. For *Maman*, much to her regret, could not swim and until she bought a pair of binoculars could not see as far as the raft, strain and peer and

screw up her eyes though she did.

"Your mother," said George one day as Claudine and he lay sunning themselves side-by-side on the floor of the gently rocking raft.

Claudine turned a querying eye upon him. She knew very little English, since *Maman* had not even considered the possibility of an English suitor.

"*Votre mare*," stammered George. "*Elle est tray formidable!*"

Claudine smiled deliciously up at the squiggles of sea-light on the white diving-board above them.

"Ah, oui. . ."

"*Mine aussi*," sighed George, who had dutifully written one letter to his mother, most of it devoted to descriptions of Claudine.

Very rapidly *Maman's* sharp eye perceived how matters stood between Claudine and the Englishman. No matter. No need yet for *panique*. First must come the interrogation.

"English?" she said casually, as they changed for dinner one warm, velvety evening. "*A duc?*"

"Non, *maman*. A m'sieu only."

"Rich then, of a certainty?" said *Maman* comfortably, encouragingly.

"Non. . . ." Claudine shrugged carelessly. Who considered mere money where her adorable Georges was concerned? Dreamily, she swung one long, slim leg and thought about her Georges, about his nice, bronzed English face, the mouth she wanted to kiss, the pink flat ears she wanted to bite, the broad shoulders against which she longed to nestle her head. . . .

Meanwhile, *Maman's* thoughts were racing along on more practical lines. An Englishman? with no money? no title? Here was catastrophe—unless she acted quickly. A telegram must come from Elise demanding their instant return to Paris.

Purposefully, she went to the door, tall and severe in smart, unrelieved black grosgrain. But at Claudine's next words she stopped, dead still.

(Continued on page 71)



Value for money is the prime attraction here. This four-piece suite comprising settee, two chairs and a stool sells at an incredible £12 5s. 6d., complete. The frame is solid beech, the seat and back seagrass weave, and though it would look particularly appropriate in a contemporary décor, being small and lightweight, it is well worth considering for any room where space is at a premium



For TV addicts, whose friends invariably phone at the critical moment when they least want to shift their interest from the screen . . . the tele-table, to house the TV set and the telephone plus a pull-out writing flap. Mahogany lined, with walnut veneer, price 25 gns., including the stool

## ***New furniture with the***

***Whether it is a table to house the TV set and the telephone, or a sideboard-dinette to economize space in the combined dining and sitting-room, modern living makes a special demand upon furniture design. Here is a selection of new furniture built on the right lines with the right ideas, to be seen at William Perring of Kensington, this month***



A bed which looks like a corner seat makes hospitality to the overnight guest a possibility, even where there is no spare room. The "Quick-way" corner seat-cum-bed has a foam rubber base and cushion covered in green and white tapestry fabric. Above, the corner seat as it appears by day, right extended to form a full-size bed. Price £30 16s.





Here is an ingenious solution to the problems of space restriction in the combined dining- and sitting-room. A sideboard-dinette, seen above in its character as a sideboard with the table and four stools tucked away beneath the glass-fronted shelving. At mealtimes, the under section mounted on casters swings out to become the dining-table, right, which seats four comfortably. Price £39 15s. complete



## RIGHT IDEAS

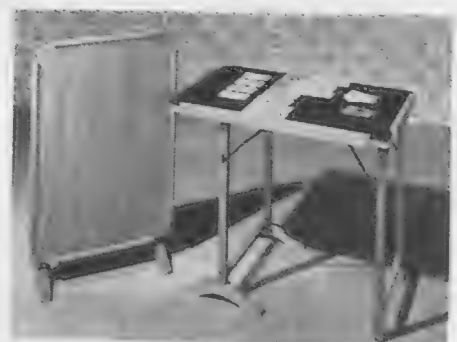
Another idea in space economy is the swivel top dining-table by H. Morris & Co., of Glasgow. A full-sized dining-table when opened out, as seen below, between meals the table folds up as in the picture right, to stand against the wall as a console. Price approximately £18 3s., available in walnut, oak or mahogany veneer. The four matching dining-chairs are approximately £4 19s., each upholstered to order



For an easy snack meal by the fire and a game of cards... a combined card table and trolley shown below in its two separate characters. In mahogany or walnut veneer, 7 gns.



A collapsible card table, with reversible top, green baize on one side, walnut veneer on the other, shown in the picture below in two positions, folded flat, or set for cards. £3 14s.



INTEREST focuses on the new make-up, call it the fragile look, the petal look . . . what you will. Lipstick colour of the season is pink, a translucent, muted shade to complement pale complexions and lustrous eyes. It can be *Italian Pink*, Guerlain's *Corail* (15s.) or Dorothy Gray's *Pink Mink* (7s. 3d.).

*Italian Pink* lipstick (6s. 9d.) has its own matching nail colour (4s. 6d.), but *Cutex Pink'n Sweet* nail polish (2s. 3d.) will team with all the new fashion pastels. A tip for brunettes . . . who may find the new pink lipsticks too neutral. . . outline the lips with a brush line of darker tone, then fill in with the new colour.

A sallowish skin needs a lightening treatment before it will take a Dresden china make-up . . . use something like Elizabeth Arden's *Anti-Brown Masque* or Ardena *Bleachine Cream*. Disguise temporary blemishes, whether a spot on the

What's the

Latest

chin or dark lines below the eyes, with Max Factor's "Erace," the latest advance in make-up camouflage. *Erace* (7s. 9d.), in a clever lipstick-like container, is applied before putting on the foundation in the usual way and thereafter the blemish—as far as the beholder is concerned—does not exist.

The under thirties will enhance the natural "dewiness" of their complexions . . . the over-thirties will cultivate it with Dorothy Gray's "*Satura*" (15s.), a new moisture-retaining cream which goes under the foundation to give the complexion a day-long smooth and lovely finish.

As for hands, try *Cusson's* new *Apple Blossom* hand cream (2s. 6d.) to keep them soft, white and "in 'the picture.'"



BEAUTY . . .

## The lass with the . . .

THE fracas over the A-line has been most misleading. Talk of A's and H's has obscured the truth . . . that this is to be an ultra-feminine season. As the storm over the Place Vendôme subsides, what emerges is not a flat-as-a-board 1920-ish hoyden, but a figure which harks back to Watteau and Fragonard. Take a cue from the colours that Dior ordains for evening . . . Marie Antoinette blue and pink . . . Dauphin green . . . or *et blanc* Versailles . . . they all hint at a return to porcelain prettiness.

Proof, if you need it, comes with the new season's make-up colours . . . *Pink Mink* . . . *Italian Pink* . . . *Pink'n Sweet*. They all chime the same note, transparent, pretty-sweet, somewhere between lilac and coral, evocative of the Petit Trianon and the Dresden china shepherdess. This is the most becoming of feminine rôles to play . . . by women of all ages.

Dorothy Gray puts a finger on the secret quality of the new look.

She calls her new make-up "the petal look" and has created a special under-foundation cream to give a dewy fresh opacity to the complexion to harmonize with the pastels and "extravagant décolleté" of summer fashions.

Here is the recipe for the "petal look" . . . *Satura* first, the new cream which will give the skin a porcelain translucency, then creamy-pink toned foundation. Rouge, like the glow of rude health, is out except to model the features . . . pearly pink powder, *Pink Mink* lipstick. Then the eyes! Accent is entirely on eye make-up . . . eyeshadow over the

entire upper lid, of a misty grey-blue . . . mascara—brown, or soft blue, not black—to emphasize, lengthen the lashes . . . eyebrows defined and shaped to a flattened circumflex (copy the girl in the picture) . . . the doe-eyed look of last year gives place to a subtler, gayer mood.

Koh'l, a centuries old secret of Eastern beauties, is a newcomer to modern cosmetics. Elizabeth Arden used it for the "*Sultane*" make-up she devised for Dessès, Fath, Givenchy. So far, koh'l has not arrived in England and until it does . . . perhaps later . . . perhaps never . . . eyebrow pencil and mascara must serve as a clumsy substitute.

The face is only one factor in the new delicate air. Let your hair grow as long as it will, or keep it short cut, but whatever you do, it must be soft, feminine and dainty.

Your new long-waisted summer dress will only come into line with fashion when you wear it over a new "apple bosom" bra.

The *Kestos* bra "*Scheherazade*" produces the new rounded bosom line elegantly, perfectly, while the *Silhouette* corselette "*Prima Ballerina*" gives the required uncluttered sleekness from high bosom to sleek hips. . . .

Beauty experts and the dress designers are conniving to produce a new woman . . . the lass with a delicate air.



Dresden china figures by Geoffrey Van of Beauchamp Place

# ... Delicate Air



*The face . . . the form . . . the air . . . the 1955 look is fragile and feminine. Skins are pale, eyes lustrous . . . figures rounded, shoulders flawless in the new daring yet demure décolleté. . . . Pink and pretty, it is a lovely rôle to play . . . the lass with the delicate air*



*Demonstrating the theory that you can be adventurous in decorating the small room as well as the larger one, Michael Sheridan re-designed this fifteen-by-ten cottage sitting-room, using a dark wall as a focal centre with gleaming white to set it off and thereby gave added importance to the simplest furniture and accessories*



By  
MICHAEL  
SHERIDAN

In the same cottage the staircase which opens out of the hall-cum-dining-room utilizes a contrasting wall treatment, contradicting the theory that wall surfaces must match in small spaces

# Recipe for small Rooms

**H**OW often do you hear someone apologize: "Of course, you can't do much with it, it's such a tiny room!" Plain cream walls, the severest of plain fabrics and carpet, the simplest of furniture and nothing at all in the way of decoration: this seems their recipe for the small room. Yet one of the most exciting rooms I know is no more than nine feet square.

It has deep crimson walls, set off by sparkling bits of nonsense in white: china doves and wall brackets with white bric-a-bac, and lime green and white striped curtains. And as a final blow to the simple-as-possible school, the curtains are topped by flamboyant Regency swags and tails. True, this room is a dressing-room used for comparatively short periods and would be intolerable for round-the-clock use.

But faced with a small room to decorate most people are inhibited by what they imagine are inviolable rules. They're nothing of the kind, of course. At best they are really only half truths. "You cannot use dark walls in a small room . . ." they will tell you. Don't they know that one of the most effective treatments for a too-low ceiling is to paint it black or dark navy blue? If you doubt this just think of the impression of infinite distance that comes from gazing into a dark night sky. Mind you, all the light in a room like this must be reflected downwards and none on to the ceiling.

You cannot use bright colours . . . (Continued on page 74)

*Team plaid with stripes*



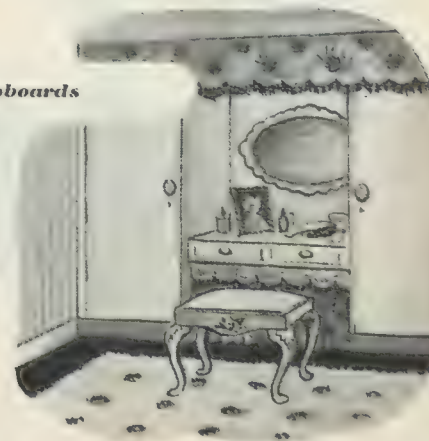
*Repeat the fabric motif*



*Give big pieces a wall to themselves*



*Dramatize with cupboards*



A pastel background for traditional pieces, with carpet and chair covers in the same key and brilliant accessory colours for accent

Each had her own way of ignoring  
how the money had been  
earned—but  
what was Amabel to do?





# The Five Sisters

By JOAN D. AIKEN

Illustrations by RAY WARD

**P**INS and Needles? How about some Bodkin's? Pins and Needles, Cramp, Chilblains, are all signs of a poor circulation. Tone up your system with a daily glass of Bodkin's Tonic Wine."

"It's better to look for a bottle of Bodkin's than for a needle in a bottle of hay."

The five daughters of Gregory Bodkin, inventor of Bodkin's Tonic Wine, bore names which could be related to his career. Agatha and Gertrude were born during the stern struggling period before the business was fully established. Next came Elinor and Laura. By this time the dividends were assured and he was taking his place in the middle-class world. Amabel, the youngest, and the dearest, arrived after a twelve-year gap. She was the last indulgence of elderly parents. Not long after her birth they both died of influenza, from which even the Tonic Wine was powerless to save them.

Amabel was a delicate child, and her sisters sent her to school in Switzerland. She learned languages with facility and developed a taste for travel which her handsome share of the Bodkin dividends enabled her to gratify. She seldom returned to England, but wandered about the continents of Europe, Russia, and even America. At the age of twenty-five she was a self-assured young woman with pleasant manners and a mind of her own. She was established in Paris, without a thought of visiting her native country, when she received a letter from her eldest sister Agatha, who was now forty-three.

"We have seen so little of you since you left school," Agatha wrote, "that you are quite a stranger to the family. Now that there is no further cause for worry about your health, it would be pleasant if you felt inclined to come over and spend Christmas in Tollerton. The others have asked me to say that any of them would be delighted to have you to stay with them, and, of course, I say the same myself. As you may remember, we are all living here now, which makes it very convenient for family gatherings."

Amabel could hardly refuse, and moreover felt a mild curiosity at the thought of seeing again her elder sisters, all now approaching middle age, all living in their own houses in Tollerton. No, Laura lived in a flat. Elinor was the only one who had married; she had two children.

Amabel wondered vaguely what they all did with their time. Then she sat down to write and book a room at the Lamb, Tollerton's main hotel. She felt that the embarrassment attendant upon choosing to stay with one particular sister might spoil the visit.

On Christmas Day it was the custom for the whole family

to assemble for midday dinner at Agatha's house, and Amabel was able to survey all her sisters together. There was a decided likeness among them, which, though cloaked by a youthful roundness of cheek and liveliness of gesture, was also apparent in herself. They were all iron-grey, even Laura at thirty-seven, with long intelligent faces and deep eye-sockets. They spoke incisively, with something of Old Gregory Bodkin's plangent manner. Elinor, who had married, appeared to have the only sense of humour, but there were regular family jokes, brought out and passed round on festive occasions. When the first of these made its appearance at the dinner table Amabel was startled; it was as if a battery of horses had suddenly put back their lips and laughed.

With the turkey a large decanter of red wine was handed round.

"I suppose it is quite possible that you have never tasted Father's tonic wine?" Agatha inquired. Amabel confessed that this was indeed the case, though she had drunk koumiss in Siberia and slivovitz in Belgrade.

"We always drink it at Christmas in memory of him," Agatha continued. She cast her eyes round the table. They all raised their glasses and murmured.

"But surely?" said Amabel, setting her glass down again, slightly puzzled. "It's nothing but burgundy? Quite a good burgundy," she added hastily.

There was an uncomfortable silence. All her sisters looked slightly upset, except for Elinor, who gave Amabel a friendly smile and said:

"I am glad to see, my dear, that all your experiences with slivovitz and American cocktails have not spoiled your palate."

"But, of course, Bodkin's Tonic Wine is burgundy," said Agatha hurriedly. "I thought you knew that."

"No," Amabel replied. She was relieved when Elinor and her husband broke in with inquiries about Gertrude's hens, and the conversation moved round to general topics. There was something odd and interesting here, evidently, but a family dinner table was no place for the exploration of such questions.

**N**EXT day, when Amabel was calling on her eldest sister, she brought up the subject.

"Do tell me, Agatha, is Bodkin's Tonic Wine really nothing but burgundy? Isn't that rather fraudulent? After all, from what I gather it is considerably more expensive than all but the best brands."

"It is a subject which has worried me," Agatha replied.



"Indeed at one time, after our father's death, I went into the question of whether it would be possible to introduce a beneficial agent such as beef extract. Some very disagreeable people called Market Research Agents conducted an inquiry for us, which cost a considerable sum of money. They proved conclusively that if we altered the flavour in any way there would be an appreciable fall in the sales of the wine. It was therefore thought best not to take any action. It is, after all, a very reasonable type of burgundy which cannot do anything but good."

"I suppose so," replied Amabel somewhat doubtfully.

"It is not a matter which we like mentioned, naturally," pursued Agatha. "Among ourselves we never talk about it, and, of course, it is not brought up before strangers. I feel sure that you will see the wisdom of this course. Our father in his last days was very sensitive about having made his fortune by *trade*, especially the liquor trade. Gertrude, too, has feelings on the subject. If you are going to call on her this afternoon, I advise

you to avoid that topic, and indeed any mention of the trades and professions, or of money itself."

Gertrude's house was very like Agatha's. There were the same somewhat heavy and Victorian pieces of furniture, the same plush curtains, the same engravings, shells and candlesticks on the mantelpiece. However, where Agatha's house had an air of cheerful and prosperous comfort, Gertrude's was gloomy.

HER curtains and carpets were brown, and she had too many small, angular tables on which lay quarterly reviews. Instead of the bright coal fire in the drawing-room there was a cylindrical gas fire, painted black, turned on very low, with a shovelful of rusty clinkers strewn over it. Amabel sat by this cheerless hearth, as the elderly maid told her that Miss Gertrude was out at an afternoon service and would not be back for another ten minutes.

In spite of, or perhaps because of Agatha's warning, it was not long before Bodkin's Tonic Wine had been mentioned.

Gertrude drew herself up and looked pinched.

"The shame, the disgrace, when I first discovered the deception, nearly killed me," she said. "To live by selling an alcoholic beverage is bad enough, but when the beverage is fraudulent as well, that is too much."

"So what did you do?" inquired Amabel.

"I found comfort in religion. There was a young man who had asked me to marry him, but I could not. I could not bear to think of my married life beginning supported on such a basis as that. Arthur had very little money of his own at that time; it would have been years before he earned enough to support us adequately. But religion has been my mainstay from that time to this. I live, as you see, austere. I have few pleasures other than the church services and the care of my hens. Perhaps, Amabel, if you decide to stay on in Tollerton (as we all hope you will naturally) you will come to enjoy something of the same sort of life."

ELINOR'S house was a pleasant change after Gertrude's. It was full of the sounds of life—the children calling to each other upstairs, Elinor's husband playing the piano, Elinor herself conducting a spirited conversation over the telephone. The furniture was plain and pleasant, and the pictures unexpected.

"Well my dear," said Elinor coming in briskly. "How nice to have you here. I hope that before you buy your own house in Tollerton (I have the very thing in mind for you by the way—a charming little white one down the hill)—you will come and stay with me for a good long visit."

"I should like to," said Amabel sincerely.

At tea Elinor's husband appeared with a friend of his, an agreeable young man. It was a pleasant meal, and Amabel felt more at home, perhaps, than she had done since leaving Paris.

"I gather that you are paying calls on us in descending order of age?" said Elinor, when the two men had gone off to play billiards. "So you now have only Laura left?"

Amabel nodded.

"Well well," Elinor continued. "As you have no  
(Continued on page 74)



# BOOKS.....

The pick of the month's reading—fiction and non-fiction—recommended for your enjoyment



**A**PRIL is a time for holiday thoughts and dreams of lovely places. It was spring when Alyse Simpson, who described pioneering adventures with an English husband in *Red Dust of Africa*, first came to England with him and heard a blackbird's song. Said an aunt of the family, "I wonder what her background really was?", and "I Threw a Rose Into the Sea" (Cassell, 12s. 6d.) is her answer: an enchanting account of her earlier years by Lake Constance, where she was born; of her charming, happy mother, "full of naughtiness," who earned the frowns of stern sisters by mail-ordering frocks from Paris; of her rare aunts and uncles, including one who "looked much older than he really was, but much thought about making money would account for that." Convent days as a novice—luckily for John, she had second thoughts about that—round off a warm, ardent story, with quiet humour and beauty, which reminds me of the books of another emigré wife, Mrs. Robert Henry.

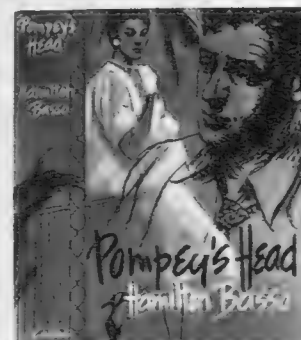
From Switzerland... the glories of Madrid, Castile, Andalusia, in H. V. Morton's "A Stranger in Spain" (Methuen, 18s.). His "Search" books have been but a preparation for this *magnum opus*, one of the best travel books of our time, with photographs in monotone and colour. He is acutely responsive to scene and history. In the Escorial, for instance, he not only makes the interior live, from tapestried rooms to burial-vaults, he tells intimate stories of rulers like Philip II., who said he "ruled the world with two inches of paper," and, when he lay dying, ordered that a skull with gold crown upon it be placed where he could see it, fussed about his death and funeral, and said to his son: "This is what the world and all kingdoms amount to. Some day you will lie here where I lie." I've never read a book so saturated with the rich lore and spirit of the country, but I'm surprised that his references omit the Spanish novels of Marguerite Steen and her admirable *A Granada Window*.

George T. Eggleston, who went island-hopping through the Society group in a sailing schooner with his wife, subtitles his "Tahiti" (Hale, 16s.) "Voyage Through Paradise"—not inaptly since Bougainville said of Tahiti, "I thought I was walking in the Garden of Eden," and Stevenson called the Tahitians "God's best—at least God's sweetest works." His concern, however, is less with purple patches than with facts and people. Good photographs illustrate this happy seagipsying in places where hotel doors need no keys and hired fancy cycles fall to bits like circus trick-bikes! (Continued on page 78)

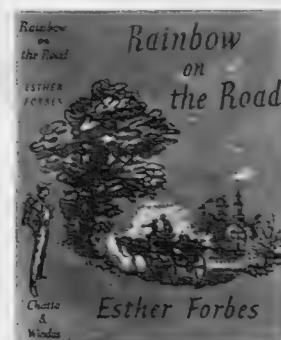
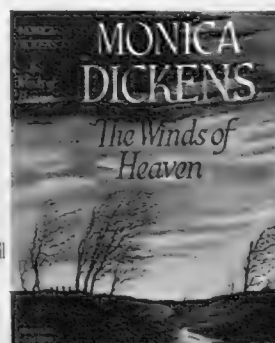


Margot Fonteyn with impresario S. Hurok—one of the illustrations in Hurok's "The World of Ballet"

Geoffrey Household's "Fellow Passenger" is a gay story of a quest for a missing legacy—with complications



The best type of solid, satisfying U.S. novel—Hamilton Basso's "Pompey's Head"



Monica Dickens's "The Winds of Heaven" points a widow's predicament. Esther Forbes's "Rainbow on the Road" has a setting in early New England

## A LIFETIME of BALLET

by

TREVOR

ALLEN

**S.** HUROK, the Russian impresario who took ballet to America, has a lifetime's memories to draw upon in "The World of Ballet" (Hale, 18s.). They range from Pavlova, Duncan, Lopokova to Markova, Moira Shearer, Margot Fonteyn, whom he calls "the greatest ballerina of the Western world... freer of mannerisms than any other I have known.... About her there is not the slightest trace of pose, pretentiousness, or pettiness."

He is frank, challenging in his judgments, ready to admit that in *Impresario* he was misinformed about Lifar's behaviour during the Occupation. He covers the rise of the Vic-Wells Ballet under Ninette de Valois, Fonteyn's triumphal North American tour, tells inside stories of the famous, who figure lavishly in anecdote and photograph. This is a gala cavalcade for all balletomanes!

# One...

One hat makes three . . . or more if you are millinery-minded. The basic shape . . . a versatile hood . . . is knitted in baby-soft angora and nylon yarn. Turn to page 80 for the making instructions. Once you have the hood, vary the wearing of it to suit the mood and the occasion. This one is simple. Pull on the hood . . . draw out the crown . . . swathe round with a strip of diamante trimming . . .



# Into...

Still the same basic hood . . . quite transformed in the wearing. This time, pull the hood well down on the head, then make a series of deep tucks round the crown until the hat fits snugly to the head. Secure the tucks in position on one side with two long bar brooches . . .

# Three!

Variation number three . . . This style has a brim, which you make merely by turning back the knitted hem. Pull the point of the crown over to one side . . . roll it under and pin or tack in place. Then you can add ermine tails into the fold for trimming . . .



## MASTERPIECES

*Ninth in our series of condensed classics is*

*George du Maurier's tale of a girl, a genius and a tragic love*

IT is an intriguing thought that had George du Maurier had his way, his immortal novel "Trilby" would have been written by Henry James.

Sir Gerald du Maurier tells the story thus: "Henry James was walking across Hampstead Heath with my father, who told him his idea of the story, and begged him to write it. Henry James was most interested and really intended, I imagine, to make it his next novel. In the meantime, my father had written 'Peter Ibbetson,' which was a great success, especially in America, so Henry James handed back the story of 'Trilby' to its originator with his good-will and blessing.

"The result was extravagant. People went Trilby mad, again as always in America, and it got on people's nerves, especially my father's, who knew his world and what success—too much success—spells, especially amongst one's fellow-craftsmen and oldest friends."

But that "extravagant" success was justified. "Trilby" has been dramatised for the stage—and filmed, with a concession to public taste in the shape of a happy ending and a different title. The truth is that the novel evokes the very atmosphere of that long-dead Paris and London of gas-jets and hansoms, and paints a joyous if sometimes tragic picture of the youth of the late Victorian age.

Trilby herself is one of those creations who rise occasionally in the pages of a work of fiction and, having appeared, live on unchanging despite death or any other intervening hazard of the novelist's imagination.

## THE AUTHOR

OF the author himself his son has written: "His output was phenomenal for a man with one eye, and that eye a very frail one, upon which his livelihood depended. He had the strange faculty of being able to work—that is to say, write and sketch—in a studio where people wandered in and out, chatted, played and sang at the piano, where dogs barked to be taken out for a walk, and where a canary would perch on his pencil whilst he was concentrating his attention on a child's profile and at the same time planning out the next chapter of the novel he was writing."

His end, too, was characteristic: "When he was dying . . . he laughed a lot and coughed a lot more, and when I left to catch my train he winked at me with his blind eye and coughed again, and his last words to me were in French—'Si c'est la mort, ce n'est pas drôle.'"

# Trilby

Illustrations

by

MIDDLEHURST

SHE first appeared to them as a "strange figure framed by the gloom of the little ante-chamber" to the studio in the Latin Quarter of Paris in the late fifties of the last century.

"It was the figure of a very tall and fully-developed young female, clad in the grey overcoat of a French infantry soldier, continued netherwards by a short striped petticoat, beneath which were visible her bare white ankles and insteps . . ."

So Trilby O'Ferrall, who "bore herself with easy, unembarrassed grace as one who has lived much in the atmosphere of French studios, and feels at home in it."

In the studio this fine, sunny, showery day in April were the three occupants—Taffy, a Yorkshireman, a big, young man, fair with kind but choleric blue eyes and immense drooping auburn whiskers of the kind that used to be called "Piccadilly weepers"; the Laird, who painted successful pictures, his pipe ever in his mouth—usually reversed, so that "the ashes spilled all over his trousers, where holes were often burned"; and the third, "Little Billee," whose "almost girlish purity of mind amused and charmed his companions, who did all they could to preserve it, even in the Quartier Latin, where purity is apt to go bad if it be kept too long."

There, too, that April day were two others: the one "a tall, bony individual with thick, heavy black hair that fell behind his ears on to his shoulders in that musician-like way so offensive to the normal Englishman," and bold, brilliant black eyes; the other, a swarthy little man with soft, affectionate, brown eyes like a King Charles spaniel. These were Svengali and Gecko, who "made music together divinely . . ." till that day in April, the Laird and Taffy and Little Billee were "wild with enthusiasm—a silent enthusiasm too deep for speech."



"An unconscious Trilby of marble, who could produce wonderful sounds, and think his thoughts and wishes; and love him at his bidding."



"Svengali told her he could cure her, and seating her on a divan, he hypnotised her . . ."

In the stillness that followed came Trilby's entrance.

Svengali played again while Trilby sat cross-legged on the model throne and listened, and then the girl herself volunteered to sing: "As some things are too sad and too deep for tears, so some things are too grotesque and too funny for laughter." Of such a kind was her performance of "Ben Bolt."

"From that capacious mouth and through that high-bridged nose there rolled a volume of breathy sound so immense that it seemed to come from all round. She followed more or less the shape of the tune, going up when it rose and down when it fell . . . but it was as though she could never once have deviated into tune . . ."

In the embarrassing silence that followed, Little Billee, with perfect delicacy, said, "Thank you so much. It's a capital song." And Trilby in all innocence told them how a great composer had said to her that all she needed was to get her "voice a little more under control."

Svengali said: "I assure you, M'selle, that I have never heard a voice that can equal yours . . ." She blushed with pleasure, and "the others thought him a beastly cad for poking fun at the poor girl in such a way."

Yet Svengali was not joking . . .

**T**RILBY was the daughter of an O'Ferrall who had been a parson and become a drunkard and married "the famous tartaned and tam-o'-shantered barmaid at the Montagnards Écossais." And when both died, Trilby was left alone to bring up an infant brother as best she might.

"Then Trilby became a *blanchisseuse de fin*, and in two or three years came to grief through her trust in a friend of her mother's. Then she became a model besides . . ."

And this Trilby it was, dauntless, friendly *grisette* who, hearing English voices in the studio as she passed, looked in and so came into the lives of Little Billee, Taffy and the Laird . . . and Svengali.



It was a cheerful, crowded studio—the three occupants, Taffy, with immense whiskers, the Laird and Little Billee

The days passed and Trilby was a frequent visitor to the cheerful crowded studio, where all and sundry came to visit the three Englishmen, and as often as most, the erratic genius Svengali. One by one, Trilby took their hearts. Little Billee in particular, who felt "sick to think she sat for the figure . . . I'm sure she's quite a lady," fell deeply in love with her and felt a sadness "that all beautiful young women with kind, sweet faces and noble figures should not be good and pure as they were beautiful . . . a longing that Trilby could be turned into a young lady—say, the vicar's daughter in a little Devonshire village . . . a simple, pure and pious maiden of gentle birth."

Svengali, too, in his own unpleasant way. Nobody knew exactly how the man lived. He was poor, but not nice, with only one virtue—his love of his art. He had been the best pianist of his time at the Conservatory in Leipsig, yet in spite of his talent he had not yet made his mark in Paris. "His manners may have been accountable for this—his egotism and conceit were not to be borne; and then he was both tawdry and dirty, more greasily, mattedly unkempt than even a really successful pianist has any right to be . . ."



"I have asked you nineteen times," said Little Billee. "Once more—will you marry me?"

He had ardently wished to sing, yet nature had denied him any voice but a weak raven's croak, "So in his head he went on for ever singing, singing, as probably no human nightingale has ever yet been able to sing out loud, making unheard heavenly melody of the triviallest tunes . . ."

Then he heard Trilby's grotesque voice and knew with his artist's insight that the composer had been right who had said Trilby *could* be made to sing: the vocal apparatus was there, awaiting the mind and hand that could train it . . .

Trilby suffered from neuralgic headaches. Meeting her one day "her eyes red with weeping," Svengali told her he could cure her, and, seating her on a divan, he hypnotised her, and after a few minutes the pain had gone.

"How can I thank you, Monsieur?" she asked.

And Svengali told her to come to him whenever she had the pain again.

"I wouldn't have much to do with him, all the same," the Laird warned her, saying that Svengali's hypnotic powers were dangerous. Such people, he said, "get you into their power, and make you do any blessed thing they please, and kill yourself into the bargain when they've done with you."

But "Svengali, Svengali, Svengali!" went ringing in the head and ears of the susceptible Trilby "till it became an obsession, a dirge, almost as hard to bear as the pain in her eyes."



After a painful interview with Trilby, Little Billee's mother persuaded her to break off the engagement

It had taken Trilby "just five minutes to decide that the studio in the Place St. Anatole des Arts was quite the nicest, homeliest, genialest, jolliest studio in the whole Quartier Latin, and its three inhabitants were more to her taste than anyone else she had ever met."

So her visits became more and more frequent and after a time she was doing everything from modelling for them to darning their socks—"a sunny and ever-welcome vision of health and good humour, always ready to take any trouble to please her beloved Angliches."

"There was, however, one jarring figure in her little fools' paradise, a baleful and most ominous figure—Svengali," who was a frequent visitor at the studio and a bold wooer of the girl.

"He would playfully try to mesmerise her . . . till she would shake and shiver and almost sicken with fear." He would make her sing, too, to Little Billee's great discomfort,



"In the end he gasped and screamed and fell down in a fit . . . the beginning of a long illness"



"Svengali turned round and struck him over the mouth, and Little Billee hit out like a fury"

and encourage her with extravagant compliments, and try to bully Little Billee. "Such was Svengali, only to be endured for the sake of his music—always ready to vex, frighten, bully or torment anybody smaller and weaker than himself."

THEN poor Billee discovered that Trilby was sitting "for the figure" in one of the great art schools and, inexpressibly shocked, tore away from Paris to paint in solitude in the forest of Barbizon. His friends, unable to stop him, were really perturbed.

"Do you know," said Taffy, "I've got a horrid idea that the little fool's in love with her."

"I've long had a horrid idea *she's* in love with *him*," said the Laird.

"That would be a very stupid business," said Taffy.

But it was true, and Trilby, seeing Little Billee's white, horrified face at the art school door, had realised the truth and, abandoning her pose, rushed home, and finally wrote to the Laird.

"... I never thought anything of sitting before ... and I have done dreadful things besides, as you must know—as all the Quartier knows. ... If you and Taffy and Little Billee cut me I shall go mad and die. ... I am never going to sit again, not even for the face and hands ..."

And the Laird went to see her as soon as he received the letter and "talked to her so nicely and kindly and naturally that by the time he left her humble attic her very

aspect had almost become what it usually was. ... He left the happiest woman in the Quartier Latin behind him; she had confessed and been forgiven ..."

Little Billee spent a month at Barbizon and when he returned he "brought with him such studies as made his friends 'sit up'; the crushing sense of their own hopeless inferiority was lost in wonder at his work ..."

And after a while the studio was as lively as ever again—"all as it used to be"—and the days slipped casually by towards Christmas, while Little Billee tried hard to persuade Trilby to marry him.

It was on Christmas Day that he once again proposed to Trilby: "I have asked you nineteen times and you have refused. Once more—*will* you marry me? If not, I leave Paris to-morrow morning and never come back."

"Trilby turned very pale, covered her face with her hands. 'God forgive me, *yes!*' said Trilby, and ran downstairs, weeping."

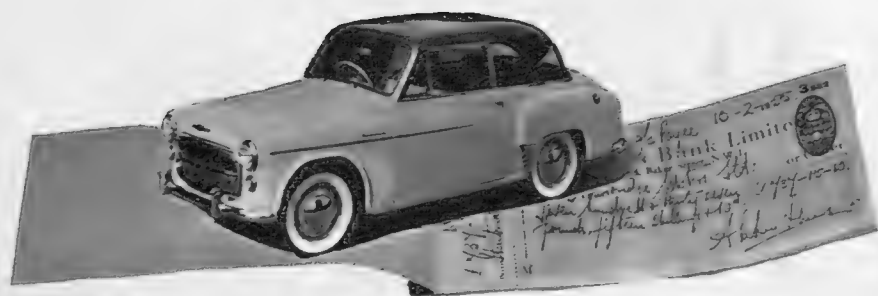
On New Year's Day Little Billee's mother arrived in Paris and after a painful interview with Trilby, persuaded the girl to break off the engagement. Trilby herself, taking her young brother with her, left Paris without saying where she was going ...

Little Billee, learning what had happened, burst out against his friends in a tirade of abuse because they let Trilby go. "... Love comes before all—love levels all—love and art—and beauty—before such beauty as Trilby's rank doesn't exist. I'll never paint another stroke till (Continued on page 76)



"She began to sing as she had sung in the great days of her art"

**GWEN ROBYNS** investigates the  
problem which faces  
all potential motorists . . . .



# So You Want

## a Car?

. . . . and gives the answers  
to the questions that women  
should ask themselves

- How big a slice of my income will a car consume?
- I've never owned a car before. What shall I buy?
- Should I stick to new or venture on a second-hand one?

**I** OVERHEARD a woman in the bus say that she had inherited a small sum of money and was tempted to "splash it all on a car." To her companion she said: "I've never had a car, but you have. What shall I buy?" Just like that. As casual as if she had been going to buy a hat.

Well, I suppose there is a similarity in a way. You don't buy just any hat, you buy one that suits you. You hope it will make you feel good and look good and get you places. So far, hats and cars go along together.

But seriously, cars last longer than hats and they cost more and there is a good deal of weighing-up to be done before you take the plunge if you are a first-car person. So, first things first. Ask yourself "how big a slice of my income will a car consume?" The right answer to this seldom comes from friends. Women especially are indifferent accountants when it comes to facts and figures, but here are some basic figures.

On an average you can reckon the weekly cost of a small run-about is around £3 or £4. The tax is £12 10s.; insurance (a full comprehensive policy is best) will be around £20 per annum; putting the car on the road costs £10, including the charge for number plates and delivery charged from the factory. Assuming you do about

10,000 miles a year (which is a very fair mileage), the petrol and oil bill will amount to about £75, plus servicing and general maintenance at £25. Garaging can be anything from £50 to £75 a year in a big city, if you haven't got your own garage. And don't forget parking fees if you live in a town or visit one habitually. In London they are 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. an hour and, last but not least, you must allow for depreciation of your car, which can be anything from £50 to £100 per year.

A couple of points here worth noting: Get insurance done through a broker. He gets the best quotation and takes his percentage from the insurance company, not you. Next, greasing and washing: ask the price first. Garages are not necessarily dishonest, but prices vary. You will probably do some of your own car-washing, but it is advisable every few months to have it expertly done and liquid polished.

Because I was "caught out" when I bought my first car—a slick second-hand job—I should be cautious in suggesting an old car for the new driver. True, there are still good bargains about and excellent dealers, but no test (including the competent A.A. one you can have for £3 5s.) is foolproof and breakdowns may well exceed your carefully planned budget.

(Continued on page 82)

# Daytime comfort....

Jean Dessès features large collars on coats, suits and dresses, and here the same theme is continued in a casual button-through jacket



Materials required for this fringe-collared jacket are 12 ozs. Wakefield Greenwood's W. G. Downdale Scotch Fingering 4-ply, one pair each No. 9 and No. 12 needles, 12 buttons. Working at a tension of 7 sts. and 8 rows to 1 inch, measured over the stocking stitch on No. 9 needles, the jacket fits a size 34-36-in. bust

## THE BACK

With No. 12 needles, cast-on 98 sts. Work k. 1, p. 1, rib for  $3\frac{1}{2}$  ins.

Change to No. 9 needles and stocking st. and m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 4th row until there are 118 sts. Work straight until there are 10 ins. from casting-on.

K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 96 sts. Work straight until there are 9 ins. round curve of armholes.

Cast off 11 sts. at beg. of every row 6 times until there are 30 sts. Cast-off.

## THE LEFT FRONT

With No. 12 needles, cast-on 56 sts. Work k. 1, p. 1, rib for  $3\frac{1}{2}$  ins.

Cast-on 7 extra sts., making 63, and change to No. 9 needles and work a p. row. (Extra sts. are to be hemmed for front.)

Continue in stocking st. and m. 1 st. at armhole edge on every 4th row until there are 73 sts. (10 increases).

Work straight until there are 10 ins. from casting-on. K. 2 tog. on armhole edge on every row until there are 63. Work straight until there are 7 ins. round curve of armhole. Cast-off 17 sts. at neck-edge (46 sts.).

K. 2 tog. at neck on every row until there are 33 sts. Measure against back armhole to check length, and work a few rows straight if needed. Cast-off 11 sts. at armhole edge on every other row 3 times.

## THE RIGHT FRONT

Work as left, but after 2 rows of rib, cast-off the 4th and 5th and 6th sts, from edge for a buttonhole. Cast them on again in next row. Repeat buttonhole every inch, until rib is  $3\frac{1}{2}$  ins. (3 buttonholes). Now cast-on 7 extra sts. at buttonhole edge and change to No. 9 needles and stocking st. Work 2 ins. Now buttonholes are to be worked in pairs side by side.

Starting on a k. row at buttonhole edge, k. 4 sts. Cast-off 3, k. 3. Cast-off 3, k. to end. Cast on both lots of 3 sts. in next row. Repeat buttonholes after 1 in., until there is a set of 3 pairs.

Work 2 ins. then another set of 3 pairs. Shape as left front and work 4 sets of 3 buttonholes, the top one should end at neck.

(Continued on page 80)

# ✦ SPRING KNITTING ✦

## ...and evening

## Elegance



**MATERIALS** required for this evening blouse are 7 oz. Emu Calypso Double Twist or alternatively 7 oz. Emu Zephyr 3-ply Botany; 1 pair each No. 13 and No. 15 knitting needles; 34 beads. Knitting at a tension of 9 sts. and 13 rows to the inch measured over the stocking stitch on No. 13 needles, the sweater fits a 34-in. bust. The abbreviations used throughout are: K. = knit; p. = purl; st(s). = stitch(es); tog. = together; t.b.l. = through back of loops; in., ins. = inch, inches.

### THE BACK

Using No. 13 needles, cast on 130 sts. and work in k. 1, p. 1, ribbing for 4 ins. Change to stocking stitch (1 row k., 1 row p.) and increase 1 st. at each end of 1st and every following 6th row until there are 156 sts. on the needle. Continue without shaping until work measures 10 ins. from the beg., ending with a p. row.

Now shape raglan top thus:

**1st row.**—K. 2, k. 2 tog., k. to last 4 sts., k. 2 tog. t.b.l., k. 2. **2nd row.**—P. 2, p. 2 tog. t.b.l., p. to last 4 sts., p. 2 tog., p. 2. Repeat these two rows once. **5th row.**—Work without shaping. \* Continue in this manner decreasing in every row for 4 rows and working 5th row without shaping until 44 sts. remain. Cast off.

### THE FRONT

Follow instructions for back from \* to \*. Continue in this manner, decreasing in every row for 4 rows and working 5th row without shaping until 68 sts. remain. Change to garter st. (every row k.) and continue to decrease in the same manner until 56 sts. remain. Cast off.

### NECK AND ARMBANDS

Make the back armbands thus:

\* Using No. 15 needles cast on 8 sts. and work in garter st. (every row k.) as follows: **1st row.**—K. **2nd row.**—Cast on 8 sts. at beg. of row. Repeat these 2 rows until there are 40 sts. on the needle. \* Continue without shaping until longer side of band measures approx. 8½ ins., so that it will fit raglan shaping at top of jumper. Cast off. Make another piece the same.

Front armbands and back neck band are made all in one, thus:

Using No. 15 needles cast on 8 sts. and follow instructions for back armbands from \* to \*. Continue without shaping until work measures 30 ins. along longer side, ending with needle point at shorter side. Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next and every following alternate row until 8 sts. remain. Cast off.

### TO MAKE UP

Press with a hot iron over a damp cloth. Sew up side seams with a back-stitch. Join longer side of back armbands to raglan shaping at top of back with shaped edge to underarm. Join the ends of the long (Continued on page 80)

A cleverly shaped halter-line yoke and a sprinkling of gilded beads distinguish this easy-to-make evening blouse

# Shopping with Taste

...for You



1



2



3



4



5

**1** Two examples of studded handbags from Liberty's new imported collection. These are Italian-made in soft leather, beautifully lined. The odd triangular shape is 17 gns., but the tricky round pouch style is only £7.

**2** His woollen socks need never shrink now—for these sock stretchers cost 5s. 11d. In plastic, they can be adjusted to the right size, merely by pressing a button. From Selfridges.

**3** Clark's new "Woodpecker" shoe with a wooden sole and leather studded vamp. It comes in three styles in a wealth of colours including red, oyster, blue, white, banana and shell pink. Both D. H. Evans and Peter Yatt of Knightsbridge have them at 49s. 9d.

**4** The Dolly Varden umbrella is the most feminine accessory this spring—come rain or shine. In pastel shades with a mother-of-pearl handle, it costs around £2 10s. And believe it or not, a comb is supplied to keep the fringe untangled. From Selfridges.

**5** Matching sets are jewellery news again. This one, in synthetic jet, is French and hand-made. The choker is adjustable and can easily double up with the bracelet on occasion. It also comes in pink, blue or green. Exclusive to the Pedlar's Pack, St. John's Wood High Street, N.W.8, for around £3 10s.



6 7



8



9

## Shopping with Shillings

**6** This unique-looking gadget is Swiss-made. A garlic squeezer which allows just that right amount of flavour in the salad bowl or special meat dish. From Kitchen Supplies Ltd., Brewer Street, for 10s. 6d.

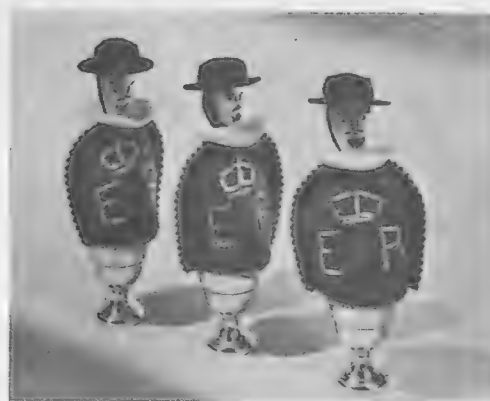
**7** The "Kut-n-Serve" cake knife enables the cake to be cut and served with one hand. In plastic, it is an addition to any tea tray and can cut any cake to any desired size. Price 17s. 6d. at John Lewis.

**8** No further worry of tea conserving. This glass dispenser with the plastic top pours out no less—and no more—than one teaspoonful at a time. It can be used for sugar too. From Selfridges for 2s. 6d.

**9** This is a boon to the amateur carver—but the experienced will approve, too. A carving stand which makes carving a less complicated job. Rubber grips steady the stand to the dish or platter, and small plastic spikes keep the meat securely in one place. From Selfridges at 2s. 11d.

**10** Beefeaters, yes. But this time covering up as egg warmers. In red and black felt for under 7s. each. Red and black linen serviettes will decorate any table but go especially well with the egg warmers. 4s. 6d. each from Liberty's.

**11** A magic steak grill. This new type of grill which will do a steak in two minutes, cooks other grilled items. From Kitchen Supplies Ltd. Price £1 19s. 6d.



10



11

# Cake for Tea

JANET DARBY . . .

*talks about cakes for special occasions generally and Easter in particular*



An Easter bonnet cake, with an icing "brim" and trimmed with a posy of real spring flowers. The "crown" could be the family's favourite spongecake, or as a special treat, the Lady Baltimore Cake recipe described in the article

**E**ASY as it is to knock up a sponge sandwich for the family, or a plateful of little cakes to eat with the odd cup of tea, festivals do offer an opportunity to the good hostess to display not only her prowess as a cook but also her talents as a decorator—a cake decorator, I hasten to add. That simple sponge sandwich glorifies itself with so very little extra work into a layer cake. The Lady Baltimore Cake, a magnificent American stand-by, is a perfect example of this.

This is a sponge cake made with the whites of egg only. You make it in two or three layers, sandwiching them with a delectable mixture of candied cherries, pineapple and boiled icing, topping the cake with plain boiled icing and decorating it with cherries, nuts and silver balls. Plenty of scope for artistic ability in this form of decoration. And as a change from the ordinary cut-and-come-again fruit cake, why not use the yolks which you will have left from the Lady Baltimore exercise to make a Brown Sugar Loaf Cake, which uses yolks only.

While on the subject of large, imposing cakes, do let me share with you my most treasured recipe for Chocolate Cake—one which I evolved during the war, when nuts were unobtainable and almost everything else was "in short supply," as the quaint old-fashioned saying went. It keeps, is moist, rich, and tastes of nuts, whereas, in fact, there's nary a nut in it. How? Why? Read on, dear reader. Another exciting instalment follows.

## Lady Baltimore Cake

$\frac{1}{2}$  teacup butter or Spry; 1 cup caster sugar; 2 cups plain flour; 3 rounded teaspoons baking powder; 3 whites of egg;  $\frac{3}{8}$  cup of milk;  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon almond essence; grated rind of lemon.

Butter and flour two round sponge tins. Cream butter well with sugar. Sift flour once, then sift twice more with baking powder, add alternately with the milk to the butter mixture, beating well between each addition. Add flavouring, beat again. Beat the whites of eggs until they are light but not quite stiff; fold them in very carefully. Put the mixture into the pans and bake at 350 deg. F. for 30 minutes. Cool, and then sandwich together with the following mixture:

1 cup granulated sugar;  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water; 2 egg whites;  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon almond essence.

Boil sugar and water over slow heat until the syrup spins a thread; pour very slowly and steadily on to stiffly beaten whites and beat till smooth and almost stiff. Add essence. Put one-third of this mixture into a separate bowl. To the remaining two-thirds add 2 oz. chopped glacé cherries, 2 oz. chopped glacé (Continued on page 82)

## Round and about with the 'little Red Vans'



IN PEACEFUL SUFFOLK: by Rowland Hinder, R.I.

## They're not so silly in Suffolk

SILLY SUFFOLK!—how greatly the modern usage of words has libelled this grand county. 'Silly' once meant to be fortunate, to be blessed. And, in that sense, it is indeed Silly Suffolk. Fortunate in its sweeping, fertile lands, in its rambling old-world hamlets, and its gracious, prospering towns; blessed to breed a people of such kindly ways, of such quiet, persevering industry.

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# Stranger On The Set

(Continued from page 12)

small wonder if she was strained. I knew she had been on the set since eight, and busy dressing and making up for an hour before that.

"Action."

The voice beside me reminded me that the cameras were turning. Once again Hans Ritter walked to the garden gate, opened it and disappeared.

"Cut!" There was satisfaction in Jeremy's voice and he nodded.

The Assistant Director shouted: "All right, kids. That's it."

There was a sudden release of tension and the babble of sound broke out again. One by one the extravagant, brilliant lamps were snapped off. One single blue beam bathed the set in eerie light and in the darkness beyond a hundred phantoms seemed to be on the move. Everything was suddenly in the melting pot as preparations were made for the next scene on the programme. The cameras were wheeled back, electricians trailed coils of wire across the floor, arc lamps were trundled to and fro.

Jeremy had gone to pat the actors on the shoulder and now was the centre of a group of men discussing technicalities in an incomprehensible language.

I looked round for someone to talk to and found that in this apparent confusion everyone had a job to do. The clapper boy was the one exception. He gave me a friendly grin.

"Like the underground at rush hour, ain't it? First time you been on a set?"

I had my mouth open to answer when the scream rang out. It cut through the noise and stilled it more effectively than any Director's voice. For this was no film scream. It was the real thing, springing from shock and terror, and it had come from very close at hand.

A hundred voices were suddenly raised excitedly, asking the same questions. "Who screamed? Where did it come from?" Frederick Butler's voice rose authoritatively above the din.

"Switch all your lights on, Bill—quickly."

THE blaze of light when it came illuminated the set with brilliance but deepened the shadows. I think I was one of the first to see the huddled form of Valmai Berensen, lying in the shadow of the bogus garden wall with Frederick Butler kneeling beside her. As Jeremy and I moved forward, her eyes opened and she lifted her head.

"He's here! I saw him! He's somewhere here!"

She was looking around in terror.

Frederick Butler said loudly: "It's all right, Valmai. There's nobody here but friends."

"All right, stand back everyone," Jeremy said quietly to the sea of faces pressing round. "Miss Berensen had a fright, that's all. Break it up till after lunch."

He turned to me.

"I'm sorry about this, Leslie. Alan will take you along to the bar. I'll join you as soon as I've sorted things out."

The bar and restaurant at Pinewood are across in the original house. Alan Fitch, the Assistant Director, had to rush me through a sudden shower of rain. It was still rather early for lunch and the bar was empty except for an elegant couple in early Elizabethan costume. We had ample time to dispose of a round of Martinis before Jeremy came. He bought more cocktails for us and a large whisky for himself.

"What was the cause of the shriek?" Alan inquired. "You can't tell me that was just temperament."

"Things are going from bad to worse." Jeremy sat down on the settee beside me and flicked his lighter in front of my cigarette. "I told you Valmai has been a bit odd. She hasn't liked this film from the start. Says there's something spooky about it."

"I'm surprised at Valmai," Alan remarked. "She's usually so steady and easy to work

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**BRITANNIA and EVE**

with. Did she see a ghost or something?"

Jeremy looked at him seriously. "She says she saw a dark indistinct form with arm upraised to stab Freddie. She screamed and it vanished into the darkness. She says it was Ritter. Crazy, I know."

"But if it was dark and indistinct, how...?"

"She just felt it was Ritter. You know what women..."

Jeremy checked himself abruptly and glanced at me. Then he smiled and clapped the palms of his hands on his knees. "Let's have lunch while there's still room. Find a table for four and Freddie can join us."

I RETURNED to the studio between the two stars, feeling just a little self-conscious beside what Jeremy called "the current heart-throb." Frederick was certainly very striking in his light blue uniform. Valmai had changed out of her gay dress into sombre grey.

"We're going to do the scene where Ritter shoots himself," Frederick explained.

"But that's at the very end of the story."

"I know, but it takes place at the Nuremberg house. Doing it now will save us rebuilding the set afterwards."

Watching the preparation of that scene gave me some idea of the stress to which film stars are subjected. Frederick and Valmai had to stand for ages at a time while the cameras were positioned, marks chalked for their feet, measurements taken and the lights adjusted to everyone's satisfaction. It seemed impossible that anyone could act convincingly after so much palaver.

I could feel now what Jeremy had mentioned, the tense expectancy which hung over everything. Somehow it seemed to radiate from Valmai. Her way of glancing nervously about her as if she expected someone or something to burst out from the darkness beyond the set, was infectious. I felt glad that I had someone solid and sensible like Jeremy beside me.

Finally, preparations were complete. Alan Fitch chanted his formula, Jeremy said: "Action!" and the first take began.

It was a scene in which Ritter, now married, says farewell to his wife. She goes away thinking they will meet in the evening. She does not know that two Gestapo officers have come to see Ritter to offer him a choice between suicide or arrest. It is really their last goodbye.

In successive takes the scene was improved and polished until it had reached a very high level of acting. The whole thing took about two hours and would provide a little over a minute's time in the film.

Valmai had finished acting for the time being. Completely played out, she came and sat in the empty chair beside me, leaving Frederick on the set alone. The rest of the scene was dismissed in a few lines on the script, but it called for superb acting and timing.

"O.K., Bob, roll 'em."

"Two eight five take one."

"Action!"

Once again the set became reality and everything else no more than a fantastic background. Here and there in the semi-circle of intent faces a cheek-bone caught a reflection of blue light, or an eye flashed. The gaunt shape of the camera rose like some monster crouching with leering eye over the stage. Beneath the lights the heads of the watchers were outlined, but the faces were blank, featureless masks.

285 GARDEN OF THE FRANKENBURG'S HOUSE. MIDDAY.

The GATE opens and two GESTAPO OFFICERS come in. HANS turns to face them.

FIRST GESTAPO OFFICER: You have made your decision, Herr General?

HANS looks at them and in his expression is all the disdain of a fighting man for hired killers. There is a long pause.

HANS: I have.

FIRST GESTAPO OFFICER: What's your decision?

HANS: If you gentlemen will excuse me for one minute you shall have your answer.

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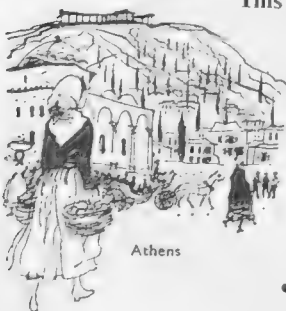
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## The Stranger On The Set

He turns away from them. The GESTAPO OFFICERS exchange significant glances. HANS looks up towards the sky, his eyes narrowing against the sunlight. Then he walks slowly towards the HOUSE. You can see the despairing finality in the set of his shoulders. HE reaches the DOOR and disappears inside. There is a long silence. The CAMERA tracks down towards the open DOOR. At last a SHOT is heard.

The shot was followed instantly by a second report.

"Damn!" Jeremy exploded beside me. "Cut!" For once his voice was raised. "There should only be one shot. How can a man shoot himself twice?"

Beside me I felt Valmai gripping the arms of her chair. I turned to look at her. Her body was rigid, her eyes fixed on the doorway of the house on the set.

"Sorry, Frederick," Jeremy called out. "That was quite perfect, but you'll have to come again. Where the devil has he got to?"

Alan Fitch suddenly walked straight across the set, through the door of the make-believe house. He was out of sight for a moment and when he re-appeared his face was white and scared.

"Tom," he said quietly, and I became suddenly aware of the complete stillness and silence of everyone. "Go and stand by the door, will you? I want everyone else to stay exactly where they are. If you see anyone move, stop him."

"Frederick!" Valmai's cry cut across his quiet, urgent voice. She rushed across the set. Alan came to meet her and held her away from the black, gaping doorway by main force. She struggled against him, her voice rising hysterically.

"He's dead, isn't he? I knew this would happen. I knew it!"

IT was a difficult task for the police. There had been a minute's lapse of time after the shot before anyone realized what had happened. During that minute a murderer would have been able to move away in the darkness and mingle with the rest. For murder was the only rational explanation. Frederick Butler had been shot through the head from a range of less than six yards. The pistol—a Luger—had been found near his body, but it bore no fingerprints.

As soon as the police had cleared me I said goodbye to Jeremy and took myself off home. He had plenty to deal with already and I was sure he had no time to spare for a visitor. I was shaken by what had happened, and though my common sense rebelled, I could not help linking Frederick's death with Valmai's strange forebodings.

I didn't expect to hear from Jeremy again. But four days later I was at my desk, making up my mind to throw his letter away, when the telephone rang. It was Jeremy.

"Have your ears been burning?"

"No. Why?"

"They should have been. Listen, I thought you'd be interested to know we're carrying on with the film."

"How can you—without Frederick Butler?"

"We've completed nearly all the scenes we need him for. I've worked out how we can do the rest with a double. Why not come over again one day next week?"

"All right. I'd love to come on Tuesday, if I may."

"Fine. Same time. Same place. Ruth will meet you. 'Bye for now."

The set for Tuesdays' programme was quite amusing. It represented a winter street scene in Nuremberg and there was artificial snow all over the place. To all outward appearances the team had settled down again undisturbed by the interruptions of the previous week. Yet there was still that atmosphere of expectancy and waiting as if everyone knew that only half the tragedy had been enacted. Fritz Kassel was in his element, tuning up the pronunciation and amending the script.

I thought Jeremy was becoming impatient with his finickiness. When the break for lunch came he bundled me into his car and drove out through the gates.

We sat on high stools in a pub on the Uxbridge road and ate our lunch at the snack bar.

"I like that costume," Jeremy said suddenly. "I think green is your colour." He went on quickly, as if the remark had been a confession of weakness.

"Did you spot the coppers?"

"I didn't." I was startled to think that police had been watching me without my knowing it. "You mean they were there on the set?"

Jeremy nodded grimly.

"It's upset my team properly. This thing hanging over us has got on everyone's nerves. It was such a pointless thing. Poor Frederick hadn't an enemy in the world."

I fiddled with my glass for a moment, wondering whether I dared to say what was in my mind.

"Jeremy—you know what Valmai said? Suppose there was something in it?"

Jeremy gave me a startled look.

"You mean all that nonsense about Ritter's phantom haunting the studio?"

"It might not be such nonsense—"

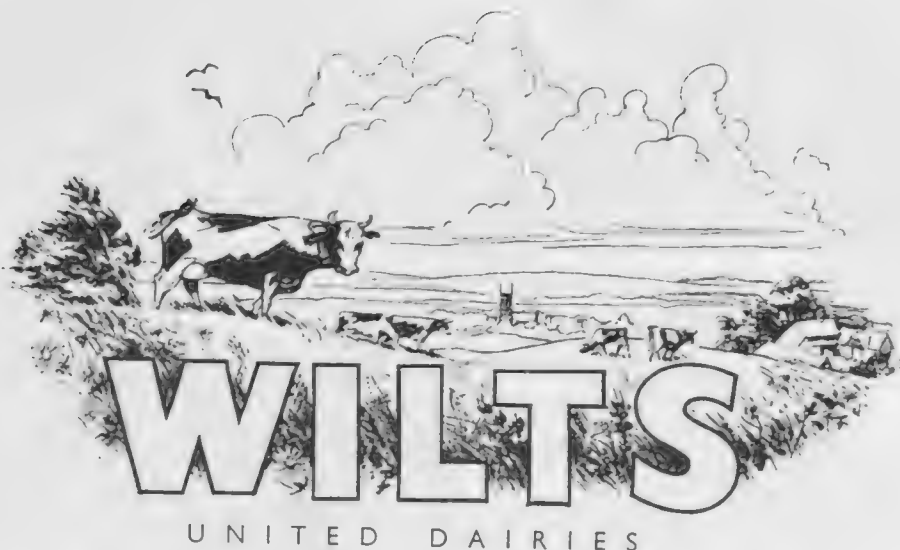
"My dear girl," Jeremy began and I could see that he was disappointed in me. I didn't give him time to get started, though.

"Give me a chance to explain what I mean. You know as well as I do that in this film the facts have been twisted enough to make the real Ritter turn in his grave."

"That doesn't mean to say. . . ."

"Wait. Now, Ritter's dead. We know that. But suppose someone who had been near to him and loyal to him saw what we were doing—someone who still nurses the old ideals—might he not be outraged enough to do something violent?"

(Continued on page 66)



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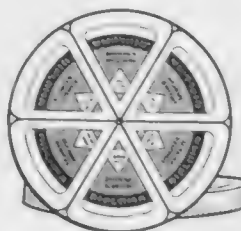
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Jeremy put his knife and fork down deliberately and looked at me in the mirror behind the bar.

"You mean Kassel?"

"I don't know. Kassel maybe. Or perhaps someone amongst all those people working in the studio."

"It's a thought," Jeremy said slowly, "it's a thought—but not a very nice one."

VALMAI Berensen was on the set in the afternoon and with her was a young and unknown actor whom Jeremy had found to double for Frederick Butler.

The first scene had been teed up before we arrived. It was to represent Hans Ritter coming to Nuremberg after he had made the decision to marry Nina. She is not expecting him when they meet in the street.

"Let's go," Jeremy said, surveying the set through his goggles.

"Settle down everywhere, please. Shooting."

A revision had been stuck into the script here, so that the scene could be photographed with Frederick's double.

176 A STREET IN NUREMBERG. SNOW SCENE. AFTERNOON.

NINA is walking up the street, wrapped up to the ears. She is carrying a basket of shopping. She sees HANS, somewhere behind the CAMERA, and at first can't believe her eyes. Then she runs to meet him. HANS comes into view from below the CAMERA and we see him take her in his arms.

"Cut," Jeremy said. "That was all right. But Valmai, remember that when Hans holds you in his arms your face has to tell us everything. All your dreams have come true."

He turned round to the cameraman.

"We'll have the camera tracking down, Hal, to give the close-up of her face."

The scene was shot again. The set was so bright and Valmai's acting so compelling that once again I forgot the darkness all around, the hundred other presences watching and breathing nearby. I saw the girl rush to her lover's arms, her face lifted up in rapturous welcome.

THEN the rapture froze. She still looked upwards at something above us and her expression changed to one of terror. She pushed John Gordon away from her and then suddenly screamed out:

"No, Arthur! Don't do it! Stop for God's sake!"

"Cut!"

The cameras stopped. Everyone stared up, following Valmai's stare. In the white light reflected from the artificial snow a man's face looked down on us—a face twisted by frustrated passion and hatred.

"Damn you!" he shouted. "I should have known I couldn't trust you."

He wrenched something from the platform he stood on. Fritz Kassel moved across the set like a sprinter taking off. He flung Valmai aside as a bag of six-inch nails crashed on to the floor beside her.

One of the continuity girls screamed. The police detective behind me shouted out: "Can someone put a light on that man?"

Almost at once the beam of one of the arc-lamps swung up, followed by another and another. Then we witnessed an extraordinary spectacle. Like a monkey the man was clambering through the intricate network of scaffolding and ropes above the set. With the skill of a trapeze artist he swung from platform to platform, leapt like a madman from one girder to another, across dizzy heights. But always the merciless beams followed, transfixing him.

Suddenly from behind us sounded the decisive, finalizing report of a revolver. The illuminated figure paused, as if turned to stone. For an instant he stood on the transversal girder, balancing with one hand supported on a rope. His grip was weakening and he was falling slowly backwards. His second hand grappled wildly for the rope and now he was in space, swinging and dangling. Then the hands relaxed and he crashed down into the outer darkness beyond the fabric of the snowbound street scene.

It was two hours before we could get away. Jeremy drove me all the way back to town in his car. We didn't talk at all until we

were going through Notting Hill Gate. "Valmai must have realized her husband was there soon after the filming began. Don't you think so?"

"She must have," Jeremy agreed. "And she knew him well enough to suspect that he was capable of anything. All that crazy talk was intended to divert our attention. She was loyal to him in spite of everything, but I suppose when she saw him up above her this afternoon, her nerve broke."

Jeremy stopped the car outside the Bar Ubriaco in Berkeley Street and sat staring ahead of him. I didn't have to be told that we were going in for a drink.

"It was all so unnecessary. I could have told him there was nothing serious between

## The Stranger On The Set

Frederick and Valmai. Just shows you what suspicion and jealousy can do."

I said: "In a way I believe I sympathize with him. If you were in love with your wife, do you think you'd enjoy watching her making love in the most convincing way to the handsomest men in the world?"

The little crinkles at the corners of Jeremy's mouth appeared again as he looked round into my face. I felt his arm slip along the top of the seat behind my shoulders.

"I hope that's something I shall never find out," he said. "You see, I'm proposing to marry an author."

END

## The Summing Up (Continued from page 16)

theme more feminine, with a trimmer waist and fuller skirt from a rather lower than natural waistline. This is reminiscent of the reaction immediately after the war, when women and designers turned away from austerity. So really there is little change this season, for both these lines have been in our last two collections, and one's eye has become more used to them.

Colours are as I said last month from a comfit box every kind of sweet fondant shade, underlined with a strong return to navy blue and white, much less black and dark grey.

For me Paris is only supreme as the hot house producing wonderful new novelty fabrics, gay hats, superb embroideries, artificial flowers and "junk" jewellery. I should like to be able to make a collection in Paris, with all the exciting things that still are not easily obtainable in this country.

The real fashion story each season is worldwide, a germ in the air. True creative designers in every and any country move in the same direction, only their personality making the many variations to be seen. New lines acclaimed as coming from France have, I know, most certainly been shown by designers first in London and this is probably true of many countries. You may not realize that the collections of the members of the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers, the "big twelve," are and have always been shown before those of the Parisian designers.

I have always maintained, personally, that the "New Look," although named in France, was first shown here in London and that it was Hardy Amies, with his suits with padded hips and fuller skirts, who made us first aware of

this trend; although every house was showing it in some form or other. It was only the natural pendulum swing away from austere years and a longing for a feminine woman again after a spate of uniforms.

It was in Paris and not London that our press blared the news abroad. This is the crux of the whole story. French design has become a fashion myth, for over the years, it has produced many great and brilliant designers, by no means all French, and while the rest of the world was pleased and proud to follow their wiles and whims, a shrewd nation made and consolidated the fashion trade as one of their great industries. Their government sponsored it and aided it financially, their great textile manufacturers did likewise. This enables a French house to "plug" its line of the season, showing it time and again in a collection, each time with only the slightest variation, sometimes only a colour or fabric change, in this way an idea cannot be missed. Here in London, it is a very different matter for it is not economic to do this as each House is a self dependent organization and in no way aided by government or industry and therefore not part of a huge national concern like French couture.

British couture is welded together by its Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers and is exceptionally lucky at the present time in its president, Lady Pamela Berry, a striking and elegant woman, full of energy and who has brilliantly, during the past year, started most successfully a vast campaign for greater promotion and co-operation with both the government and our great textile manufacturers.

END

## On The Third Day (Continued from page 15)

wandered, for it seemed highly probable that the Prophecies would go on for ever.

More people crowded in—St. John's can hold a couple of thousand—there was no music, only this dreary voice going on and on, and the words could not be heard. So far I had not found it enthralling.

After another hour a change began. It seemed to me that the cathedral was rapidly becoming gloomier and more oppressive, for it appeared to be darkening. I was fast coming to the conclusion that I could not bear more, and anyway it seemed to mean nothing. A few voices speaking, occasional answers from the congregation rapidly becoming so dense that I doubted if you could have dropped a hairpin between them. Everything in the church was becoming indistinct, and I saw that the blinds had been drawn on the top windows, and curtains concealed the lower ones. We were approaching the moment of the vital message.

I was not emotional, I was frankly weary of it. Then the creed began, and I heard the priest's voice become completely clear and resonant. My Latin could follow what he said, "Who was crucified, dead and buried." Then, with a passionate declaration of truth which rang through the building, "On the third day He rose again."

At that instant, an unbelievable instant, every blind was pulled back. The brilliant golden light of the Maltese sun flooded the place with such a blinding brilliance that for

a moment I thought that a miracle had taken place. No longer was it the veiled altar of the mourning church, but the triumphant altar, a mass of roses and lilies, and every candle leaping into light. In a single instant the concealed choir began their *gloria*, the congregation rang hand bells, and the thousand bells of Malta vibrated and clashed out their message to the world.

On the third day HE ROSE AGAIN!

He had risen. I wanted to cry "I'm glad, I'm so very, very glad," and beside me an atheist whispered, "I suppose there couldn't be something in it after all?" The feeling lived. The great moment had come, and whatever the world said, however dark my life grew, on the third day HE rose again.

This is something that surely can be found every Easter, the power of reassurance in a world of heresy where convictions tend to atrophy. It was the symbolism we all need to stir within us fresh courage and determination and the stimulation of triumph, the greatest triumph this world has ever known.

We walked home through Valletta with its vigorous bells clashing, and as I stared at the golden light, I saw that the sun was making the Judas trees wither.

We had set out as ordinary people, onlookers at a service in which we had no real rôle to fulfil, but we were returning part of the Resurrection of Life.

It was the Easter message.

END

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*red*

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# Totty's Love Affair (Continued from page 31)

celebrity himself and knew what it meant. Living next door to each other, Bill and Melody had formed an alliance in childhood and understood each other without words. Melody brought a fruit tart out of the refrigerator, cut two large wedges, covered them in cream and sugar, and pushed one across to Bill.

"She's been threatening Totty again, Bill," Melody snatched up the cat and pressed the warm little body to her face. "If I had to give up Totty, I'd die."

The words *You'd still have me!* rose in Bill's throat but he choked them back as being unsuitable and slightly soppy. He was a little surprised at himself for thinking them, for sentiment had never entered into their partnership and though he was practically twenty-two, and by no means unaware of girls, he thought of Melody as Melody and not as a girl at all.

He said with mild interest, "Your face and Totty's are rather alike. A look of surprised innocence backed by deep guile. Not pretty, thank Heaven, but likeable, distinctly likeable." He put his face close to Totty's, who reached out a soft white paw and scratched his nose. "Totty!" Melody murmured in loving reproach.

"Numble-bumble-numph!" Bill jabbered from behind his handkerchief. "Do something, woman. I'm bleeding."

Melody dropped the cat and made Bill sit on a chromium stool. She bathed the scratch, applied antiseptic lotion and tenderly fixed a piece of sticking-plaster over Bill's straight brown nose.

A pretty girl and a good-looking boy can grow up together, being *Good old Melody!* and *Good old Bill!* in tolerant amity, all as passionless as a wax candle, but the situation is as full of potential fire as a cigarette-lighter—flint, steel and petrol-soaked wick. The unromantic action of putting plaster on a scratched nose brought the thumb of Fate sharply into contact with the wheel of the lighter. Compassionate green eyes gazed into brown, and a flame sprang to life.

Bill's arm slid round Melody's waist. He drew her closer and rested his cheek on the warm softness of her body. "Oh—Melody!" he breathed, in a voice Melody had never heard from him before—a voice shaken with the wonder of first love.

Melody put her firmly moulded young arms round him and laid her cheek to the top of his tow-coloured head. "Oh—Bill!"

They remained motionless, wrapped in each other's arms, while the electric clock wiped away time with its inexorable minute hand.

"Of course," said Melody at last, "it is hopeless. They will never let us marry. They'd be afraid of our having children."

Bill recognized with awed respect that his beloved had put her finger on the spot. He nodded. "The Screen's Greatest Lover as a grandpa! Impossible."

Bill's father was the Screen's Greatest Lover, which was a good reason why Bill himself wasn't particularly romantic. He had seen the puppet-show from the back, all the years he could remember.

"We will be married," he vowed, "whatever they say. Only I shan't have enough money till I'm qualified." He was studying law. "Can you stay in love with me that long?"

"For ever."

That was before Mr. Barrington. He appeared in their young lives a month later, at a tennis club dance.

"Coca-Cola?" He smiled down into Melody's sea-green eyes and shook his head. "Not for you. Pink champagne."

"Is there such a thing—to drink? I thought it was the name of an expensive perfume."

He had a deep, vibrating laugh. "Melody. It's an enchanting name. What else?"

"Lane—as if you didn't know. And don't say how pretty, because I think it is silly."

He raised arched eyebrows. "Why should I have known your name? Honor just said Melody."

"I'm Francesca Lane's daughter."

He shrugged. "So what? You're Melody."

"Isn't all this build-up a plot to meet Francesca?"

"My dear girl, what makes you think that?"

"Experience."

He took her in his arms and they danced. He was, she had to admit, much better at dancing than Bill. "I'd pay to see Francesca Lane any evening—she is superb, like her fabulous emeralds. But I don't want to meet her—it would spoil the illusion. And I know the emeralds must be fake, but I like to go on believing they are real."

Her laughter chimed. "If you've read about Francesca, you know they are real."

"Well, for me, leave the glorious Francesca behind the footlights. You are real, and you are here." He gave her what she afterwards described to her friend Felicia Poole as a burning look.

Owing to Bill's father being the Screen's Greatest Lover, Bill wasn't so hot at the romantic stuff and Dirk Barrington had quite a line. Once or twice, Melody saw Bill glowering at her, but after that she was so deep under the influence that she never noticed him at all.

A WEEK later Dirk Barrington took Melody home from a dance and whereas she'd have taken Bill into the kitchen and raided the refrigerator, she felt impelled to take Dirk into the drawing-room and offer him the coffee and sandwiches left for Francesca.

It was then that Totty fell in love with Mr. Barrington. She wove between his legs, rubbed her head on his shoes, and coyly invited him to join her in a game of dab-paws.

"I say," Melody said with approval, "she has taken to you. Do you like cats?"

"I've never actually known one," said Dirk tactfully.

"It doesn't matter, because Totty is a bit of a maso-something."

You know, when they like you all the more for pushing them around. She is not officially allowed in here because of Francesca's collection, which is fairly valuable and mostly fragile. Look, there is a fan which belonged to Ellen Terry, and in that cabinet there is a snuff-box which was Napoleon's. Shall I show you?"

"No. Tell me about yourself instead."

Flattering as this interest was, Melody experienced a slight sensation of *lèse-majesté*. "Most people are crazy to look at Francesca's collection."

He grinned at her. "I would be, too, if I believed all these things were genuine."

Melody was truly shocked. "They are genuine."

"All those diamonds in the snuff-box? An intelligent woman would look all that in a safe."

"Francesca is intelligent, and she does."

"One of those limsy wall-safes in her bedroom?"

"It isn't limsy, it is a good one. And it isn't in her bedroom because she says if she is going to be robbed she won't be murdered as well. She—" Melody stopped suddenly. Her eyes flickered for a moment towards the painting of Francesca as Lady Macbeth and back to Dirk Barrington.

He knew the reason for her hesitation and teased her lightly. "Good girl. Don't tell a stranger where Mother's safe is."

She was stung. "You are a guest, not a stranger. The safe is in this room, I'll show you—"

He grabbed her wrists and stopped her mouth with a kiss. "No, my pretty. I don't want to be told. Suppose all those lovely emeralds were missing in the morning—where would I be? Under shocking suspicion, if not actually under lock and key." Having started kissing her, he went on expertly, and Melody found herself enjoying it until suddenly she grew rather ashamed of herself and twisted out of his arms.

THE hounds of Spring, as the poet says, were on Winter's traces. Bill and Melody went on being friends and so did Melody and Dirk Barrington. Bill gloomed about this somewhat.

"Are you in love with me or not?" he challenged her. "Because I am with you, and I wouldn't go around with other women right under your nose the way you go about with Barrington under mine."

Melody was, as a matter of fact, still very much in love with Bill, especially when he was angry and his jaw stuck out aggressively, as it did now, and when his hair was rumpled because he had been pushing his fingers through it. But there were times when the lower side of her nature suggested that Bill was the first man she had ever known and that perhaps one should look farther before finally deciding. Not that she'd ever have anyone else but Bill, of course—

"You danced six times with Felicia Poole on Wednesday," she reminded him with dignity.

"Only because you danced six times with Patent Leather."

They were hurrying to a cinema under a light drizzle. Bill was so angry that he walked too quickly for Melody, who had to trot beside him to keep up. "Yes, but—see here, Bill, I know we're in love and all that, but the fact remains I'm the first woman in your life and you're the first man in mine. Isn't it a bit foolish to—well, sort of lie ourselves?"

He stood stock-still under the garish neon lights. "You talk like *Them!*" he said at last, disgustedly, and by *Them* he meant their parents. "If that's the way you feel—" he hunched up a shoulder and flung himself away from her into the wet dusk. Melody stared after him, feeling at first desolated and weepy, her feet itching to run after him. Then suddenly she felt superior and senior enough to be tolerantly amused by the antics of the young.

Next day Bill came back and they made up the quarrel. The Easter vacation was coming and they planned a whole day's walk, with lunch in a rucksack and tea at a cottage. "We'll find the first primroses," said Melody.

They picked on a day when Francesca would be out of town opening a Home for Retired Nursery Governesses, and it was unfortunate that Dirk chose the same day to invite Melody to the coast.

"I'd love to, Dirk." She cuddled the receiver to her ear and her heart went *Wonk! Wonk!* When she went out with Bill she felt like a girl having a good time with her boy-friend, but when Dirk was her escort she felt like a woman whose Past was all before her. "Only I can't. I promised Bill."

Dirk expressed what he thought of Bill by a brief silence. Then, "It doesn't matter a bit," he assured her, "but I read in the paper that your illustrious mamma would be out of town all day and thought you might be lonely."

"She'll be away from practically the crack of dawn, about 10.30 a.m., so Bill and I planned to leave early and stay out all day. Oh, Dirk, what a pity! Shall I ask him to change the day?"

Dirk tut-tutted. "Certainly not. Go off and enjoy yourself, give the daily woman the day off. We can fix another date. How about Wednesday?"

Melody chuckled. "The daily woman is having the day off—and Wednesday would be lovely."

The day with Bill started inauspiciously because Totty had climbed to her forbidden perch over the drawing-room door and had been threatened with exile by a Francesca made irritable by unwontedly early rising.

Melody was worried and Bill had a touch of toothache. It rained. By the time they reached their destination a brisk squabble had developed, fanned to some heat by the fact (Continued on page 70)

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that Melody had promised to spend a whole day with Dirk Barrington.

"I love you and want to marry you. Doesn't that give me the right to be jealous?" Bill demanded.

"Not if you are civilized. And aren't we just a little young to be talking of marriage?"

The minute she'd said this, Melody knew she had gone too far, but just then the train stopped and they had to get out into a cold, driving spring rain. Melody's remorse had not yet grown big enough to quench the fire of her temper, and she saw the inward bound train ready to leave from the opposite platform. As the guard waved his flag she jumped in, a porter slammed the door and she was carried away, leaving Bill on the platform with his mouth half-open.

Before she reached the flat, she regretted her impetuosity. She would be all alone in the place for the rest of the day and she had hurt Bill's feelings dreadfully. She let herself in quietly.

"I thought you'd gone to the country for the day, you tiresome brat," said Dirk Barrington crossly. He had removed Francesca's portrait, opened the wall-safe behind it, and was holding the emeralds in his hands. A case lay open on a table, already packed with treasures.

"But it's raining," Melody said idiotically, brain reeling. "I came back."

"Alone, I hope?" he snapped.

"Oh yes." As Melody spoke her mind cleared. She saw the whole picture now. She'd been *had*! Dirk's approach had been subtler than most, that was all. She felt her cheeks warm when she remembered the information she'd given him simply because he had professed an entire lack of interest in Francesca's things. She was alone in the flat with a housebreaker, and she ought to ring 999 at once.

"Sit down," snapped the man. "Sorry, but I must tie you to a chair and gag you. It will be uncomfortable, but it serves you right."

He was correct. Being gagged and tied to a chair was very uncomfortable indeed, but Mr. Barrington seemed in no hurry. He selected and packed, whistling under his breath, and the galling thing was that Totty, the traitress, wove herself in and out of his feet purring delightedly. For some extraordinary cat-reason she adored Mr. Barrington, but at last her attentions annoyed him and he kicked her sharply. Totty took offence and retreated to the bracket over the door, where she gave a superb performance as an angry Cleopatra.

The man took off white cotton gloves and replaced them with a chamois pair, and made himself look exactly like the sort of nice young gentleman who might be received in Francesca Lane's apartment. "I'm off now, Melody. Don't cry, you will be rescued in about five hours or so. Sorry you'll be uncomfortable, but you should stick to your dull young boy friends. Naturally you'll tell the police all about me, but I don't think they'll catch me. I shall be in France in an hour or two—or Holland, or Belgium. Ta ta."

There were tears in Melody's eyes, tears of fury. She could not utter a word and the things she longed to say boiled inside her.

THEN the drawing-room door opened and Bill crashed in, with his cheerful, normal grin. "Melody, you old ass, you left the door open so I—" the words died in his throat because he found himself looking at a small blue-black weapon in Dirk Barrington's hand. Barrington was suave, smiling—beyond him was the open wall-safe, and Melody.

"Two of you!" said Dirk Barrington in a tone of patient exasperation, like an uncle who has been tried too far. "Get over by the girl." Bill obeyed, because he saw no alternative. Melody, in whom hope had surged, saw no alternative either. In fact, the position seemed worse, because Bill was large and husky, and couldn't be tied up to a chair unless Mr. Barrington put the gun down. And if he put the gun down—

"Checkmate, I think," Bill observed coolly. "You can stand there with your little gun until someone comes, or you can put it down and try to tie me up, too." His heart was in his boots because it was all too plain that the thief had no other course open to him than to shoot them both. He glanced at Melody and knew she'd seen it too. The girl's eyes were bulging like green marbles.

"If you move," said Mr. Barrington, "I shall shoot Melody—not to kill, but I shall do some damage. You wouldn't want her hurt?"

Then he screamed, because a heavy weight dropped on his head and a number of red-hot wires dug into his face. It was only Totty, performing her best act of love, and then striving to keep her balance as he staggered. Bill leapt, too, and because he was not impeded by a weight of loving cat, he was soon seated on the gunman's back whilst Mr. Barrington's face made close acquaintance with the carpet.

When the police had gone Melody said, "Bill—I think you're wonderful!"

He took her in his arms and kissed her. She put her arms round his neck and gave him kiss for kiss in return. "From now on," he said masterfully, "we are engaged—officially. Francesca and the Great Lover will have to lump it."

"So they will," Melody agreed with wonder. "Now that we've realized we are grown up, they'll have to. We went on thinking we were in a sort of prison with thick walls until we crashed through and found they were only paper after all. I expect a good many people are in prisons with paper walls if only they knew it."

Bill held her closely. He said in a rather shaken voice, "If Totty hadn't jumped when she did, one or both of us might have been dead."

"Francesca'll have to let her stay now. She saved everything. And the funny thing is, she wouldn't have, if she hadn't fallen in love with him. She only jumps on the heads of people she adores. She fell for him hook, line and sinker. Queer." She gave him an upward glance, rather shamefacedly. "I did a bit, too."

Bill rested his chin in her silky hair. "No accounting for women," he said complacently.

END

# No Way Back

(Continued from page 35)

my pew and audibly whisper: "Twelve across—third letter—what is it?" His sermons rambled and got tied up in their sentences; but they were blessedly short and they spoke from the heart to the heart.

I would say his hardest work, as such, was put into the village brass band. The weekly practises were held either in the school, if it was winter, or on the green, if it was summer; but indoors or out, the resultant blare was equally penetrating. And louder even than the trumpets was the vicar's voice as he bawled to the performers.

In fact, Biddington in those days was altogether out of this world, as we say. And if there were changes, even then, they came about so unobtrusively that we scarcely noticed them.

Occasionally a Hawk Moth aeroplane, or a Puss Moth, would purr across the sky, as gentle as its name. And in one or two cottages there were crystal radio sets, old Shepherd Wright's being the one I have most reason to recall.

For sometimes I would go and listen with him. Sitting before his open hearth, sealed in the blessed privacy of ear-phones, I remember a performance of Beethoven's Choral Symphony. The old man sucked at his clay pipe and smiled across at me, as proud of the music coming from his "cat's whiskers" as if the miracle were all of his making.

Here, then, in peaceful Biddington, I lived as the twenties dawdled into the thirties. Here, too, I had my first cottage. Indeed, in memory now my cottage *was* Biddington.

Really it was only half a cottage, Mrs. Shanks, the owner, living in the other half. I was almost as much lodger as tenant. A low door by the stairs opened from my half into Mrs. Shanks's; and in the dual rôle of landlady and housekeeper she came and went at her pleasure. Moreover, once in she was difficult to get out again, for she dearly loved an audience.

To say that I was happy in Biddington seems to me now almost an understatement. It was not only that I was young and in the first flush of authorship: rather it was, I am convinced, that English village life was more idyllic then than it was ever to be again. And nowhere more so than in Biddington. The place was backward, no doubt of it; even ignorant; and yet, what contentment it radiated!

I remember lying awake one night listening to the horses pulling at the grass in the pasture under my window. I got up and leaned out into the summer night. A full moon composed a black and silver world of pure fantasy, where the only sound was of those horses tearing off the juicy grass, mouthful by slow mouthful. The pond in the lane flashed like a mirror, the wood beyond the pasture was a velvet shadow, the cottages dreamed quietly under their thatch.

But, of course, it could not last—any more than Biddington itself could resist for ever the inevitable onslaught of progress, or my half-cottage continue to satisfy the growing demands of the years.

It happened that one weekend, while a friend was staying with me, that we went for a walk and were on our way home again, pleasantly relaxed, when he suddenly said: "Suppose the cottage has disappeared!" We smiled at the idle fancy and soon forgot it. And yet not quite; for there was a sequel.

Some time afterwards I recalled his words and wrote a short story round the idea. The cottage of the story was my own, but the man who lived in it was an old ploughman called 'Zekiel; and one day his cottage did, in a manner of speaking, disappear—with tragical results.

Almost a quarter of a century later, when I was living far away, some friends drove me out for the day and by chance we suddenly found ourselves facing a sign-post which said: "To Biddington." Something compelled me to go and look at the old village.

We parked the car by the church, and, alone, I went on foot in search of my cottage: As I turned into the lane it was as if all the years between had never happened: my thoughts were twenty-five years away, with the maypoles and the crystal radio sets and the brass band.

And then—but it was not possible, surely, that I had made a mistake? There was the horse-pond, the lane to the farm, the shadowy wood; but where was the cottage? Between wood and lane was nothing but a ploughed field: the cottage was gone, clean as a whistle.

Remembering my friend's words, so long ago, and how I had willed them to come true, I turned and hurried back to the waiting car.

END

## Elusive Husband

(Continued from page 39)

"It is to be regretted that he cannot marry me," sighed Claudine, lazily brushing the fall of glinting, fiery hair.

"Cannot marry you?" cried *Maman*, seriously alarmed now. "But what reason should he have for doing so?"

Claudine's eyes, which George in a moment of unparalleled excess had likened to wet pansies, opened widely.

"He loves me," she said simply, "and I him. But his mamma has already the campaign for him."

"So?" said *Maman* with interest.

Claudine nodded miserably. "He is to marry a rich miss in England. I am not rich enough, not . . ." she shrugged expressively, ". . . suitable. Alas, she is truly formidable, this mamma of George's."

"S-o-o!" Slowly, *Maman's* hand fell from the door knob as the implication hit her full force. In another age she would have urged Henri to demand satisfaction at dawn for this slight upon her prized Claudine. Now she said sharply:

"This mamma—she is now in England?"

"Tonight she arrives," sighed Claudine, "fearing her son to be involved with some unsuitable French"

(Continued on page 72)

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## Elusive Husband

girl. To her, this is *la grande tragédie*." Ruefully, she took a lipstick brush and expertly outlined the pout of her lips. How sweet that her Georges had written so glowingly about her to his *maman*, how truly *galant* that the intensity of his feelings should have brimmed over so unguardedly into his letter home. How *charmant*—but how unwise!

Aimlessly, Claudine rose and took down the first dress her hand touched in the clothes cupboard lining the wall.

"Not that one!" snapped *Maman* suddenly. "The dark blue Balmain! And the sapphire necklet."

When she was at last ready, *Maman* turned low the lights and led the way down long, cool corridors on to a white terrace.

George was watching for Claudine. When she eventually appeared, emerging out of the ink-blue background, he caught his breath and his heart did three painful somersaults. Above the heads of the other diners, he met her eyes and held them, hungrily.

With George sat a silver-haired lady of a tallness and severity equal to *Maman*'s. Her eyes examined Claudine coolly, assensively.

"So that's her!" she cried in a voice which could be heard even in the kitchens. "That's your little Claudia, or whatever you call her!"

"S... sh!" implored George.

"My dear, there's no need to ssh me. This isn't England, you know."

"But she might hear you," said George through an agonized grin.

"I doubt it," shouted Mrs. Bennet cheerfully. Then with another long look at Claudine, "Yes... she's pretty enough, if you like that sort of colouring."

"I do," said George firmly, "and furthermore I'd ask her to marry me tomorrow, if it weren't for that mother of hers!"

"Indeed!" Thoroughly shaken now, Helena Bennet slowly turned her majestic silver head back towards Claudine and *Maman*. Could she have properly understood her son's words?

"... you see," George was explaining as he crumbled bread, "she's set her heart on Claudine's marrying some rich chap with a title or something."

Apprehensively, he saw the hot colour of pure indignation beat up into his mother's face; anger caused her bone-white hands to tremble.

"Really, darling!" she quivered scornfully, "but how typical of the French! All they think about is money and..."

After dinner Claudine retired with a headache, and George, after a suitably deceptive interval, wandered up the curving sandy road that led to the vineyards.

By a low white wall dappled with the motionless shadows of a graceful willow tree he found Claudine.

"Georges!" she breathed softly.

"My darling!"

For a long moment they clung together, blissfully oblivious to the rest of the world, conscious only of each other...

After a while George sauntered back on to the enclosed terrace where coffee was being served, while innocently, Claudine appeared from the opposite end. In the muted lights, the anxiety of their eyes could not be seen. Helena Bennet's voice rose above the chatter.

"Buck... ing... ham Pal... iss!" she enunciated loudly, as though *Maman*, nodding thoughtfully beside her, were stone deaf.

"Ah, oui?" came *Maman*'s voice in a tone of comprehension.

"Oui. I mean yes. All of us. Er... *toot famille!* The Garden Party, you know!"

*Maman* nodded vigorously. "*Tres chic, n'est ce pas?*"

"Oh tray!" concurred Helena Bennet happily. Then, "Your daughter... er... *votre fill est tray jolly!*"

*Maman* acknowledged the compliment with a brief smile.

"And *quel une jolly dress!*" added Mrs. Bennet.

"Ah, oui. *C'est Balmain,*" said *Maman*.

"Ah... ha!" Mrs. Bennet nodded furiously, knowingly, triumphantly, "*trays expenseef!*" she added, half-jokingly.

*Maman* shrugged away the small matter of eighty thousand francs. Wonderingly, the eyes of Claudine and George met above the nodding heads of *les deux mamans*. Then as if by mutual agreement and resignation their footsteps took them on again towards each other... and separation.

"Hallo, you two!" beamed Helena Bennet. "Madame and I are having such a nice chat." Then, with a quick glance at Claudine's dress and the sapphires, "George, dear, why don't you take Claudine for a walk? I'm sure Madame de Brise will give her permission."

Instantly, *Maman* was on the alert.

Helena Bennet smiled reassuringly and made an expressive gesture coupling George and Claudine together.

"Promenade..." she said queringly.

*Maman* relaxed. "Ah, oui, oui," she murmured.

"Don't they look sweet together!" sighed Helena Bennet, as Claudine and George walked from the terrace. Then she leaned back wondering how to impress upon this arrogant French mamma the fact that George was returning to a directors' chair in the family textile business and would one day come into the title.

"Ma fils..." she began haltingly.

*Maman* turned expectantly, her mind busy with problems, not the least being how to make this privileged English lady regard her Claudine as a better *projet* than the rich English miss.

"I love you," said George gravely, kissing the very tip of Claudine's small, pink nose. "And, furthermore, I like you."

Claudine, who couldn't understand a word of this, nodded happily. For not only was he handsome, strong, *galant* and in love with her, but also he was clever. For who but he could have guessed that such a letter to his English mamma would produce such splendid results?

"*Vous êtes très formidable,*" she murmured, while from the terrace could be heard the voice of Mrs. Bennet arranging the visit to England of *Maman* and herself. Then with a blissful sigh, "*Eh, bien.*"

END



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# Recipe For Small Rooms (Continued from page 45)

more than one pattern . . . large or ornate furniture. . . . So the rules run on. And there's just enough truth in them to produce a frightening number of dismal small rooms.

But just take a look at the small sitting-room on page 44. It is modest enough in all conscience: no more than fifteen feet by ten. The furniture and fittings are of the simplest and most inexpensive. Three walls and all the paintwork are pure chalk white. The one brown wall is relieved by white accessories and this does suggest one really workable rule: that dark walls in a small room need lots of touches of white to give them sparkle.

The basically brown and white scheme—how dreary it sounds!—is vitalized by strong accents of red and yellow: used as it is here, the single red chair is, in fact, an accent. The colours are balanced so that no part of the room is over-loaded with either one.

The scheme is derived largely from the Picasso print over the fireplace. The Spanish flavour of the winged bulls in the print is echoed in the Spanish peasant designs of the painted plates and the pattern on the lampshade is in a similar mood. Curtains, incidentally, although not shown in the picture, are a yellow printed linen, "Mexican Market," also in the Spanish tradition.

All this suggests a second good working rule for small rooms: that a common factor should run through accessories and furnishings.

This can be equally applied to patterns. For it is quite false that in a small room only one pattern is permissible. Two and even three, can quite happily be used together. But it is true that they should have something in common and that, usually, they should be separated by blocks of plain surfaces.

An upholstery fabric with a plaid design would, for example, team well with a striped wallpaper since both are derived from straight lines. Yet a third pattern could be added in a carpet with a small all-over spot or star design. Sometimes it is possible to find two fabrics, one of which repeats a motif from the other. An ornate French Empire brocade with wreaths, ribbons and flowers used for curtains suggests a simpler fabric with the Empire wreath alone, for covers.

Look at the hall and staircase on page 44. Do I hear someone murmur "Never break up the wall surfaces in small spaces?" But this does. A different wall treatment for the staircase makes it a separate

entity from the hall. The natural brick of the fireplace is a pleasant contrast in texture to the smooth plaster of the other walls. Horizontal rows of prints balance the very strong vertical lines of the chimney breast which in a small room tend to be over-powering. And by taking the white wall treatment halfway round the chimney recesses, the projection of the fireplace, in reality too great for the size of the room, is apparently halved.

A large piece of furniture which cannot be jettisoned sets a problem in a small room but again, it's only half true that small furniture and small patterns are essential in small rooms. One large piece of furniture, say an outside settee, is not out of place if it can have a whole wall to itself and the rest of the furniture is "scaled down" without too abrupt a contrast. It would, for example, be disastrous to place the minutest of occasional tables right next to a large settee. The eye is attuned to a certain relationship in size between a settee and an occasional table and a sudden shattering of the picture is disturbing.

A large patterned fabric need not be banned from the small room. But it should have a smooth flowing design, not a broken one. And the design should be limited to two colours—not more. Whether it is a large scale pattern or an over-scaled piece of furniture we want to use in a small room, the number of ornaments and accessories, even cushions, should be restricted to avoid an overcrowded effect.

Small rooms need not lack the little touches of the dramatic that are too often reserved for rooms in the grand manner. On the contrary, they are necessary to give the small room character. For instance, a little window that is not made to open (or opens lattice-wise) will make an indoor "conservatory" if plate glass shelves are run in groves cut in the surround.

A narrow bedroom can be dramatized with built-in cupboards on an end wall separated by a space into which a dressing table fitment is built complete with fringed fabric pelmet linking the tops of the two cupboards. The most ordinary divan or bedstead will bring a splendid conceit to the merest slip-room if it is given ceiling height posts—of turned or square wood—linked by a canopy of scalloped plywood. The effect of such little touches of theatre bears no relation at all to their cost which in most cases is small.

END

## The Five Sisters (Continued from page 48)

doubt seen, all our lives are regulated more or less by Bodkin's Tonic Wine."

"And how do you find yours regulated?"

"Chiefly by the inflow of large useful dividends," replied her sister with a lift of the eyebrows. "I confess I find it impossible to develop a tender conscience about people who pay an extra three shillings a bottle for unadulterated burgundy."

"Incidentally," remarked Amabel, "I had an idea that there were health-giving herbs in it?"

"That was Father's advertising technique," said Elinor. "Say what you like, he was a remarkable man. The posters asked the question 'Can you detect the delicate flavour of health-giving herbs in Bodkin's?' Well, can you? If you can, your sense of taste is defective, because there are none!"

"I see. Go on."

"I MENTALLY divide all our customers, or dupes, should I say, into two classes. Half of them are hypocrites who pretend to be teetotal and will not be seen drinking an honest wine; they buy Bodkin's although they know it to be burgundy, for the sake of appearances, and richly deserve to pay an extra three shillings. On the other side there are the poor creatures who honestly believe that Satan will grab their souls if they touch anything stronger than lemonade. They drink Tonic Wine for their health, in all faith."

"All that sounds very rational."

"It is indeed, my dear," said Elinor smiling. "It is more than rational, it is a rationalization. Even without the excellent reasons for doing so which I have just manufactured, I should continue to draw my income, and why? For the simple reason that without it we should not be able to live in our present intelligent and comfortable manner."

THE following evening found her calling on the youngest of her sisters. It was impossible to meet Laura before five, as she worked all day in a chartered accountant's office. She seldom came to see her other sisters, and rented a two-roomed flat in a district which was the nearest in Tollerton approaching to a slum.

When Amabel had climbed the stairs and knocked at the door she waited, but there was

no reply. She was somewhat startled when a voice addressed her from above, until she saw the face of an elderly charwoman, wearing a man's cap, inverted over the banisters.

"It's no good your waiting there, ducks. Lorry ain't in yet. Just go in and make yourself at home."

Amabel strolled round the flat with her habitual interest. It was bare and furnished with extreme simplicity. Some of the furniture was made from soapboxes, and one very small rug lay on the stained floor.

Laura came in soon looking sombre. She made tea, however, and talked pleasantly. Seeking for a new subject Amabel at length asked Laura's opinion on Bodkin's Tonic Wine. Laura's eyes flashed.

"I should hardly have thought it necessary to ask that," she replied. "You see how I live. Any form of unearned increment I regard as tainted, and the profits from a deceitful speculation doubly so. I give half my income to local youth clubs, and half to hospitals."

Amabel could not help being struck with admiration at the consistency and rigour of this life, and felt herself strongly inclined to follow its example. Laura went on to tell her about the various youth clubs which had been organized, and the hospital committees on which she sat.

"I think you will agree," she said, as Amabel rose to go, "that my way of using the Bodkin money is better than that of Gertrude, who merely feels guilty and goes to church, or Agatha, who does her best to forget the subject. Elinor, of course, is merely cynical. Besides," she added confidentially, as Amabel opened her mouth to reply, "between ourselves I have been promised a decoration in the New Year's Honours List, for my donations to hospitals. What will they think of Dame Laura Bodkin, I wonder?"

Amabel returned to her hotel in a confused frame of mind, and was seen by none of her sisters until she strolled round to call on Elinor several days later.

"Well well," said Elinor in her friendly, sardonic manner. "Have you decided on the best way of spending your life here (if you are going to) and your share of the Bodkin fortune? Are you going to endow a Teetotal Reading Room?"

"I will tell you as we stroll. I thought

perhaps you might feel inclined to come down with me and look at the little house which you thought would suit me so admirably."

"I should be entranced. You will come back to supper afterwards, won't you? We have that nice Charles Fosdick coming—you met him last time. Such a pleasant young man, and bound to get on—it's a pity he's so poor."

"I am very tired," said Amabel as they walked down the hill. "I have spent the day going into the prices of the less expensive champagnes."

"Really?"

"I intend to float a new subsidiary company," replied Amabel to the unspoken question, "for the sale of Bodkin's Vitamin Table Waters. I think they should be a good selling product. Of course I intend to ask the family's permission first. I shall call a meeting tomorrow."

END

## Men Know Best

(Continued from page 13)

It is even men, if you've noticed, who offer us the benefit of their advice in the press on furnishing and decorating our homes. If Mr. Expert says that shrill yellow and shocking pink are "the thing" most of us would love to experiment with yellow and shocking pink in our homes but for those other dictators—the men we espoused—who say, "No, my girl. Brown's good enough for me!"

If she loves the man he'll win. If she doesn't she will defy him and regret it.

Yes, we are, to a very great extent, what men make us. But are they right?

Let all the feminists revile me but I say they are. Men design clothes for women as men want them to appear. The current woman evolves from masculine opinion, because, in the last count, it would be a pretty sorry world in which women no longer cared to endure themselves to men.

So it is not quite as one-sided as it seems. For men really shape us after the fashion of their own hearts in order, in the end, to be dictated to by women. Muddling, isn't it?

END



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## Trilby (Continued from page 54)

I've got her back . . ." And so he went on "stammering and shrieking, mad with excitement and growing more and more uncontrollable," until in the end "he gasped and screamed and fell down in a fit on the floor."

This was the beginning of a long illness, and when Little Billee recovered in England, "he was conscious that another sad thing had happened to him—his power of loving had not come back with his wandering wits." It was not to return for a long while. . . .

Five years passed while the boy who had been Little Billee became William Bagot, the well-known painter. But his power of feeling, of loving, did not return, and even Trilby was but a memory. Taffy and the Laird he saw but occasionally. Of Trilby herself there was no news: she had vanished utterly in the French countryside and all Taffy's efforts to trace her during Little Billee's illness had been in vain.

**B**UT Svengali's name was in their ears again—not the Svengali they had known but La Svengali, "the human nightingale," the woman whose fabulous voice was drawing the crowds to the concert halls of Europe; the woman who had married the Svengali they had known years before in Paris—the genius who had said he could teach Trilby to sing. . . .

Still no idea that La Svengali could be Trilby entered their minds, but Little Billee was determined to hear "the human nightingale" sing, and one day the three old friends visited Paris—to hear La Svengali in the *Cirque des Bashibazoucks*.

On the great stage before the hushed audience "a tall female figure appeared, her snowy arms and shoulders bare, a gold coronet of stars on her head. . . . Her face was thin and had a rather haggard expression. . . . Her grey eyes looked straight at Svengali—now quite splendid in appearance and tall and stout—and the house rose at her as she came down to the front.

"It was Trilby.

"Trilby, the tone-deaf, who couldn't sing one single note in tune." And when she sang, "the like of that has never been heard, nor ever will be again. . . ."

Afterwards the three walked home together. They didn't yet know what had happened or how it had happened—but for Little Billee one important thing had come about—he suddenly felt his heart overflowing and knew his old power of loving had come back to him. . . .

The following day they were to realize that something was seriously amiss with the woman the world knew as La Svengali, the girl they had known in happier days as Trilby.

In the Place de la Concorde, she came along in a carriage with Svengali, "he with his broad-brimmed felt sombrero over his long black curls," she in saffron, "rouged and pearl-powdered."

"Little Billee bowed. She stared at him with a cold stare of disdain, and cut him dead. And as they passed he heard them both snigger—she with a little high-pitched flippant snigger worthy of a London barmaid. . . ." Then, just as they were about to leave Paris, Little Billee met Svengali in a post office. Pushing past the boy, Svengali "called him *verfluchter Schweinhund*, and deliberately spat in his face. Little Billee ran after Svengali and caught him at the top of the marble stairs, and kicked him, and knocked off his hat. Svengali turned round and struck him over the mouth and made it bleed, and Little Billee hit out like a fury, but with no effect. . . . Then Taffy came to the rescue and gave Svengali a good shaking. . . ."

Sorrowful and perplexed, the friends returned to London—and not long afterwards La Svengali arrived, too, to sing at the Drury Lane Theatre. But before the opening night it became clear that Svengali's health was quickly deteriorating. His doctor flatly forbade him to conduct, so it was arranged that Svengali should sit in a box alone exactly opposite his wife's place on the platform and a code of signals was arranged with the conductor of the band.

**I**N the middle of the stalls that opening night sat the Laird and Taffy and Little Billee. . . . And when La Svengali came on the stage and the band struck up the opening bars of the song "Ben Bolt," she went on staring at Svengali's box—and didn't sing. Until suddenly she started to sing in the old, grotesque way Little Billee had first heard in the studio years before. Amid a storm of catcalls, she stopped to stare again at Svengali's box before the conductor led her off the stage. "That terrible figure of Svengali still sat, unmovable, watching his wife's retreat—still smiling his ghastly smile."

Svengali was dead.

They found Trilby apparently her normal self again and this time she recognized Taffy and the Laird and Little Billee. But of her great singing career she could remember nothing.

Bit by bit, partly from Trilby herself and later on from Gecko, they learnt her story. How, destitute, she had returned to Paris, and the old studio, there to meet again Svengali. How Svengali had trained her to sing and by hypnosis turned her into "an unconscious Trilby of marble, who could produce wonderful sounds, and think his thoughts and wishes, and love him at his bidding with a strange, unreal, fictitious love . . . just his own love for himself turned inside out and reflected back on him as from a mirror. . . . That Trilby was a singing machine, a flexible flageolet of flesh and blood—just the unconscious voice that Svengali sang with, for it takes two to sing like La Svengali, the one who has got the voice and the one who knows what to do with it. . . ."

Trilby was not to survive her husband for long. Ill and exhausted, the vitality of her life drained by the years of strain and hypnosis,

Britannia & Eve for April, 1955

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the crisis came when a photograph of Svengali was unpacked in front of her.

"Presently they found Trilby staring at the portrait and all at once she began to sing as she had sung in the great days of her art."

When the song was over, her head fell back on the pillow and they heard her murmur in a weak voice.

"Svengali, Svengali, Svengali. . ."

Trilby was dead: the evil genius of Svengali triumphed in the end, as long ago he had boasted that it would.

For Little Billee the double shock was too great and after Trilby's funeral he collapsed once again with a breakdown from which he never recovered.

Only Taffy found happiness in the end—with Little Billee's sister. . . .

END

## Books (Continued from page 49)

Nearer home we have our own paradise, the Lakes; and in *"The Lakers"* (Hale, 18s.) Norman Nicholson shows how the first post-chaise tourists—and the poets—built up the cult of the mountainous and picturesque which now draws hikers and coaches. The book is a *must* for all going there who want to get the most out of their visit.

To pass from these places to the Burma of Hilda R. Corpe's *"Prisoner Beyond The Chindwin"* (Barker, 12s. 6d.) is to exchange relative heaven for hell. Married to a Burmese student whom she met in London, she found refuge in a monastery when the Japs invaded, was betrayed to the *Kempetai* (Jap Military Police) and endured all the horrors of prison camp.

After which . . . the light relief of Bergen Evans's *"The Spoor Of Spooks"* (Michael Joseph, 15s.), which is not only about ghosts but about the facts behind popular fallacies: the claims of water-diviners, the poison rings of the Borgias, Cleopatra dissolving a pearl in wine, Nero fiddling while Rome burned, Dr. Guillotin supposedly inventing the guillotine and dying by it, and so on.

Of a Michael Joseph fiction trio (12s. 6d. each) this month two have direct feminine appeal. Shirley Jackson's *"The Bird's Nest"* is about a U.S. girl clerk in a museum, living with a brandy-bibbing aunt, who becomes an amnesia case with four distinct personalities.

Monica Dickens's *"The Winds Of Heaven"* blow gustily about her Louise, a widow doomed to eke out existence staying in turn with three difficult daughters, sharing their family and other problems. But she has the love of a lanky niece, and the friendship (hopefully, more) of a man she met in a Lyons' teashop who sells beds in a big store and writes thrillers.

Geoffrey Household's *"Fellow Passenger"* is a frolic men can enjoy, too, for it has a masculine humour. Its young hero returns to the ancestral manor from Ecuador where his dying father has told him of a legacy hidden in an attic chimney. Finding the house now an H.Q. for atomic scientists, he breaks in at night, stumbles into the room of a comely woman metallurgist and is caught and clapped in the Tower as a Communist spy. A gay, amusing farce.

Jonas in Crichton Porteous's *"The Battle Mound"* (Hale, 9s. 6d.) also goes back to the old home—is it ever wise?—and finds it is now "COMFY CORNER" in a new building estate. His rôle is that of the returned prodigal seeking to atone for a tragic love affair.

The country roads of New England in the early nineteenth century are the background of Esther Forbes's *"Rainbow On The Road"* (Chatto & Windus, 12s. 6d.). Portrait painter Jude roams them in the summer, getting three-dollar commissions to put sitters' faces on to bodies he has painted during the winter, leaving the faces blank; and his picaresque adventures—notably concerning buxom Emma, whom he first saw leaning out of a window, are told in a garrulous, folksy style by his young nephew.

Like the boy in L. P. Hartley's *The Go-Between*, Walter in James Courage's *"The Young Have Secrets"* (Cape, 12s. 6d.) is the precocious medium through whom we focus a grown-ups' love affair, this time a young architect who, unwisely, married the twin-sister of the girl he really loves.

Those familiar with Storm Jameson's novels will take for granted the skilful writing she has put into the story of a young Englishman who returns to a French country family who hid him during the war, and finds it riven by conflict over the brave Resistance son who died, and the collaborator who betrayed him—*"The Hidden River"* (Macmillan 12s. 6d.).

A big-canvas story in the Marquand manner is Hamilton Basso's *"Pompey's Head"* (Collins, 15s.) in which a New York lawyer returns to his hometown after fifteen years to probe a charge that a publisher has embezzled royalties due to an aged blind novelist living nearby. Contact with old scenes induces him also to probe his own life and discover that both lines of inquiry are strangely related. This is the best type of solid, satisfying, well-charactered U.S. novel.

In Diana and Meir Gillon's *"Vanquish The Angel"* (Constable, 13s. 6d.) a young Jew serving Haganah and the Israeli Civil Guard is caught in a dual conflict—not only with British and Arab but with his marriage to an English girl who falls for an English captain.

I could not wish a better-told yarn of missionary pioneering in stark places than A. de Saint-Loup's *"Night Falls On Cape Horn"* (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.), translated by Marjorie Laurie. Hunger, storm, disease and treacherous Indians beset the hero and his indomitable band in their expeditions around Tierra del Fuego and its islands. It has an epic quality.

Also recommended for this month's reading: *(Continued on page 80)*

*Britannia & Eve for April, 1955*



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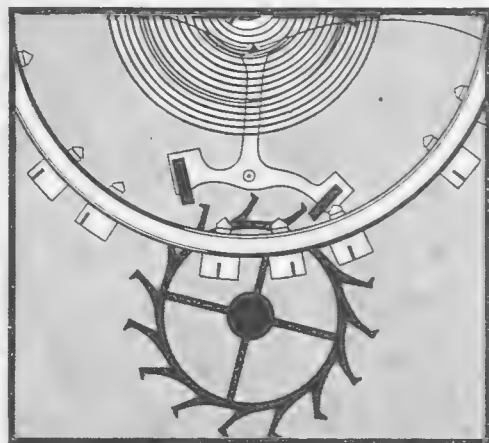
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"The Pageant Of Heraldry," by Col. H. C. B. Rogers, O.B.E. (Seeley Service, 25s.) is an illustrated volume on the origins of heraldic devices. "Steeplechasing," edited by Lord Willoughby de Broke (Seeley Service, 30s.) contains chapters written by eminent authorities on their particular branch of the sport. "The Kings Of The Road," by Ken W. Purdy (Hutchinson, 15s.) deals with some of the famous makers of "vintage" cars. "Household Knowledge," by Jane Gordon (Faber, 12s. 6d.) has gathered together a panel of experts to teach housewives how to be more efficient. "Jenny Angel," by Elsie Oakes Barber (Putnam, 10s. 6d.), "The Dark Abyss," by F. J. Thwaites (Putnam, 10s. 6d.), "The Angel's Name," by Louise Collis (Faber, 12s. 6d.), "The Figure In The Mist," by Elizabeth Coxhead (Collins, 10s. 6d.), "The Passionate Brood," by Margaret Campbell Barnes (Macdonald, 10s. 6d.), "Sweet Witch," by Richard Llewellyn (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.), "The Wicked Pavillion," by Dawn Powell (W. H. Allen, 12s. 6d.), "Best Science Fiction Stories," edited by Edmund Crispin (Faber, 15s.).

END

## Daytime Comfort

(Continued from page 56)

### THE SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles, cast on 70 sts. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib for 4 ins. Change to No. 9 needles and increase the st. as follows: \* K. twice into first st., k. 2 repeat from \* ending by knitting twice into last st. making 94 sts.

Continue in stocking st. and m.1 st. at beg. and end of every 4th row until there are 104 sts.

Work straight until there are 14 ins. from casting on.

K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row for 20 rows leaving 84 sts. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 34 sts. Cast off.

### THE COLLAR

Cast on 112 sts. with No. 12 needles. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib for 3 ins. Change to No. 9 needles and k. twice into all the k. sts. and p. twice into all the p. sts. making 224 sts. Continue rib correctly and work 4 more ins. to make 7 ins. Cast off.

### THE FRINGE

Take a piece of cardboard or several thicknesses of paper and fold to a width of 1½ ins. by 6 ins. Wind the wool round and round this until there are many thicknesses of wool.

Now cut all along one edge with a razor blade so that you have a lot of pieces of wool 3 ins. long.

Take 4 of these by the centre, and with a crochet hook, pull them by the centre loop through edge of work. Then push ends through the loop and pull tightly. Repeat every ½ in. all along edge.

### TO MAKE UP

Sew up side, sleeve and shoulder seams. Sew in sleeves.

Hem left front 1 in.

Hem right front and sew round the pairs of buttonholes. Sew on collar and buttons.

END

## Evening Elegance

(Continued from page 57)

Change to the back armbands to form an underarm seam and then sew up each side (the longer side) along the raglan shaping. Pin the centre of the long band (the shorter side) to the centre of the top of the back and sew right across the back and across the top of each of the back armbands. Sew on beads in left-hand corner as illustrated in photograph.

END

## One Into Three! (Continued from page 51)

**MATERIAL.**—3 oz. "Emudown," Angora and Nylon; one set No. 9 needles.

**MEASUREMENTS.**—Length, 15 ins.; to fit head sizes 21 in., 22 in., 24 in. the two larger sizes appearing in brackets thus: 21 (22, 24).

**TENSION.**—With wool used double throughout, 5 sts. and 7 rows to 1 in.

**Note.**—To make a size smaller use No. 10 needles and working as for smallest size, work 6 or 5½ sts. to the inch, and 8 or 7½ rows in depth. To make a size larger than given use No. 8 needles and working as for the largest size, work to produce 4½ sts. and 6½ rows to 1 in.

### TO MAKE THE CAP

With double wool, cast on each of three of the needles, 36, (38, 40) sts., st.st. for 10 rounds.

**Next round.**—P. to end to mark hemline.

Change to st.st., (k. every round) and complete 10 ins. from hemline.

### SHAPE TOP

**1st dec. round.**—K. 16, (17, 18), k. 2 tog. to end. K. 1 plain round after each dec. round.

Rep. these 2 rounds, knitting 1 st. less before the dec. on every dec. round, and complete 32, (34, 36) rounds, (= 12 sts. on needles).

Break off wool and run through sts., draw tog. and sew in end.

### TO MAKE UP

Turn up, over on the p. row the first 10 rows. Hem into each st. Press under damp cloth and warm iron.

END

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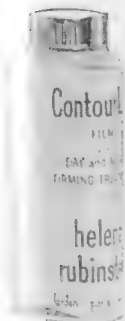
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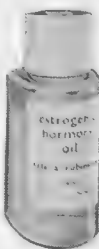
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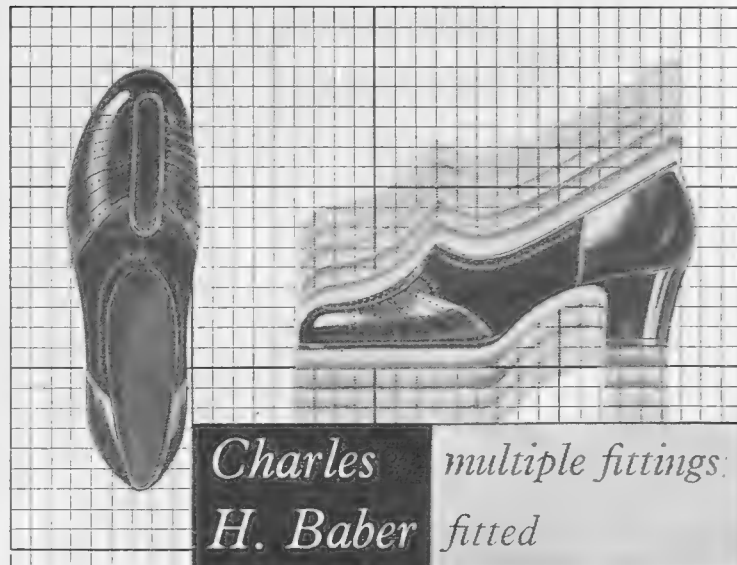
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Britannia & Eve for April, 1955



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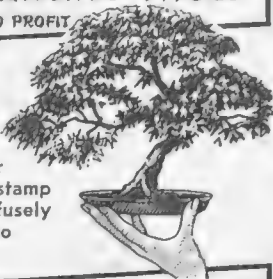


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# So You Want A Car? (Continued from page 55)

Looking over the present range of cars I should feel confident in recommending for the younger woman the Ford Popular at £390 14s. 2d. This is splendid value at the price, though, of course, if it is a really smart job she is looking for the Ford Anglia at £511 2s. 6d. is the answer. The steering is thistledown light, and if parking problems arise here is the car which, like the London taxi, can almost turn on a halfpenny and let you manoeuvre into confined spaces with maximum ease. The colours are most exciting, and on average driving you can get thirty-eight miles to the gallon out of it. Fords have an excellent maintenance service, too.

I like the Morris Minor at £529 10s. 10d. I can get in and out of this car better than any small car I've tried. It sits down well on the road and steers like a racing car. The short bonnet gives you a clear view of the road and for power in this range there is little to touch it.

In the Hillman class, the Minx special saloon at £649 19s. 2d. is a good business woman's car, and elegant, too. It can carry five people if necessary, and there is enormous room in the boot for luggage. It will cruise quite happily round 60 to 65 m.p.h., and at a lesser speed will run round 34 m.p.g. The smooth design and finish make it a pleasure to clean. A little more exotic is the Californian at £737 15s. 10d.

For the country wife I'd take a look at the Husky first. The cost is £564 19s. 2d., and though it is called a utility estate car, it is a sturdy, well-finished job. It seats four people or two people with five hundredweight of goods. The big thing here is that as a holiday car for two, you merely fold down the back seat and have double floor space. Petrol consumption is very low at 40 m.p.g.

The older woman who can afford to pay

more for her car and attaches great importance to comfort, might consider the Sunbeam. This is the car that Sheila Van Damm (European women's champion who recently won a Monte Carlo award) has for her personal use. I like the handy gear change and the good, all-round visibility. And when you sink into the seat it almost envelops you. The instrument panel is well arranged right in front of you with plenty of space, even to a glove compartment. Though the steering is a little heavier, two other cars worth seeing are the Rover 60 saloon and the 1½ litre Riley saloon.

Here are some points to watch out for when you make that final choice.

**Steering:** Test for lightness.

**Manoeuvrability:** Look for a car that is easy to park and reverse and to dodge in and out of the traffic.

**Pedals:** Here you must test for easy control. I prefer a car in which I can work the clutch and brake in Cinderella slippers without strain.

**Visibility:** All-round visibility is an advantage.

**Entrance and Egress:** Take a good look at the doors. It's very irritating to cope with a slim skirt and small door.

**Position of handbrake:** This must be easy to handle in the case of an emergency.

**Doors:** See that there is a friction pad fitted. This is a great convenience when you have no free hand to prop the door open.

**Roominess:** Inspect for roominess in the rear of the car. And take a good look at the luggage boot.

**Heater:** If you are given a choice between heater or radio take a heater.

**Petrol Consumption:** Few women inquire about this, but it is an important point.

END

# Velvet Lawns (Continued from page 36)

small grass box, but there is at least six times as much grass to cut so I have now graduated to a motor-mower and I can manage all the grass myself with very little fatigue.

As it happened, we were just about to make our new investment when a mower with a four-stroke engine and a fourteen-inch cut came on the market at thirty-four pounds.

I have never suffered myself from a two-stroke engine but I know that they tend to suffer from starting trouble which, to a woman, is a disadvantage. Men of a mechanical turn of mind who know which handle to twiddle at which moment are not so likely to suffer.

But back to the subject of difficult long grass. I have never been able to manage a bill hook, or shears for that matter and I find my electric tool a delight for dealing with rough grass and nettles which it slices through like a knife through butter. Susan uses it quite skilfully and with ease. All such tools are safe if they are handled with care, but it is not fair to be negligent with them and then blame the tools. I have been well schooled in the use of electrical appliances and I am always careful to switch off the current before making any adjustment to the tool. This applies to all household gadgets, of course.

It has proved very worth while with the number of electrical tools we use in the garden to fix up outside plugs, and the same reel of cable is used for all of them. I know of nothing more satisfying than whisking over the grass with the electric mower. Rusty tears along beside barking furiously at the noise while the twitching length of cable keeps the cat amused.

I put the grass mowings on the beds and borders. Not close up to the plant stems but round them. This helps to smother weeds and keeps the moisture in the ground.

We started watering in April last year because it was such a dry month. The result on our cauliflowers, broad beans and spring cabbage was wonderful. We water the garden here by calculation. It sounds complicated but it is quite simple really. The amount of water plants need varies directly with the amount of sunshine the ground gets; and experts have worked out the potential

water loss for each county for all the summer months of the year. This is published by H.M. Stationery Office.

One needs a rain gauge which should be read every day and it is important to know the amount of water your sprinkler or spray line puts over the area it covers in a given time. Thus, if you know, for example, that the water loss from the garden by the middle of April has been one and a half inches and the rainfall has been one inch, the garden is half an inch short. Then you know exactly how much water to give it.

Watering, by the way, has been much simplified for me by plastic hoses. These very durable and very reasonably priced things are so light to handle that I can lift a sixty-foot coil of half-inch hose with one finger.

END

# Cake For Tea (Continued from page 60)

pineapple. Mix well, and spread between layers. Use the plain frosting to top the cake.

If you are going to decorate the cake as an Easter bonnet, bake the cake in two 8-in. tins. Before icing, stand the cake in the centre of a 12-in. thin round cake board (or a round of stiff cardboard covered with grease-proof paper). Coat the top and sides of the cake and the "brim" with icing and when set, decorate with a posy of spring flowers.

**Brown Sugar Loaf Cake**  
 ½ teacup butter or Spry; 2 cups light brown sugar; 4 egg yolks; 1 egg white; 2½ cups plain flour; 1 cup sweet or sour milk; ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda; 1 teaspoon cinnamon; 1 teaspoon vanilla essence; ¾ cup chopped walnuts; ½ teaspoon cloves.

Cream the butter and sugar together. Add the yolks one at a time, beating well between each. Add the egg white, beat all together. Mix the dry ingredients together. Mix the soda into the milk. Now add the dry ingredients and the milk alternately, beating. Fold the (Continued on page 84)

# A letter to you?



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and of course my joy  
at receiving this  
month's Britannia  
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Britannia & Eve for April, 1955

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nuts in last. Bake in a greased and floured 2 lb. loaf tin, 1-1½ hours at 350 deg. F. Turn on to a rack to cool.

#### Rich Chocolate Cake

½ cup rolled oats; ½ teaspoon bicarbonate; 1½ cups boiling water; 1 cup plain white flour; 1 teaspoon baking powder; 1 teaspoon vanilla; ½ teaspoon salt; 5 tablespoons cocoa; 8 tablespoons margarine or shortening; 1 lightly filled cup sugar; 2 medium eggs.

Mix the oats and bicarbonate in a bowl, pour on boiling water, stirring, and stand for 30 minutes. Sift, cocoa, flour, salt and baking powder together. Cream shortening and sugar together. Beat the eggs till thick and light, add to the fat mixture and beat well. Add vanilla essence to the cooled oats mixture. Sift in the dry ingredients one-third at a time, mixing well, finally add

#### Cake For Tea

the oats mixture and beat hard. Grease and flour an 8-in. square cake tin, pour in the mixture and bake in a rather slow oven for 55 minutes. Allow to cool in the tin. Then turn out, carefully slice into two parts and sandwich together with vanilla butter icing. Top with chocolate fudge icing, made as follows:

1 dessertspoon golden syrup; 1 dessertspoon cocoa; ½ oz. margarine; 1 dessertspoon soya flour; 1 tablespoon milk.

Bring the syrup, cocoa, margarine and milk to the boil, stirring. Continue to boil until a little sets when dropped into cold water. Add the soya flour, stirring well, then spread on top of the cake, swirling it around with the tines of a fork to give it a ridged appearance.

END

## Spring Fashion (Continued from page 17)

air, though as usual the new emphasis was discreetly suggested rather than categorically stated. Here and there a designer did commit himself: Michael, in a supremely elegant black middy suit worn with a white fitted overblouse to hip level; Sherard in a honey worsted dress; Paterson in a sea green taffeta late day dress with a Flamenco skirt; Digby Morton in long-waisted jackets; Mattlin in high-length coats; Cavanagh in his slink jacket.

Be glad that you live in Britain, as far as clothes are concerned at least, because our wideawake wholesalers—past masters at combining new ideas with saleability—bring back patterns and original models and have their well-made ready-to-wear collections on sale by mid-March.

Names to watch are Mary Black for town and Ascot dresses; Sylvia Mills for cocktail dresses; and Alice Edwards, Bijou and Betty Barclay for a kaleidoscope of cottons.

In playclothes Everwear do a seductive swimsuit-length beach jacket in white or coloured candlewick.

Shantung is Dior's chosen summer material,

and we shall all be able to wear the new acetate shantung, which looks exactly like the real silk, washes perfectly, and comes in the same clear, bright colours. This has been made into gay summer hats by Dolores, and Estrava have used the same material for matching shirts, skirts and jeans.

Crocodile is a favoured shoe-leather in Paris, and Ferragamo of Florence has perfected the even more attractive deep-lustrated skin of the sea-leopard. A London shoe store have clogs straight from Italy with multi-coloured uppers, and—on the high-heeled version—a flower in pokerwork.

Rosy shades of beige are the fancied stocking tones: Vayle and Proper Pride do these; also Berkshire (now with lace toe and welt), and Klingsil, whose "Nudettes"—seamless nylons shaped to the leg—are sheer but miraculously long wearing.

Above all, your hair must be right—for you, and for the fashion—and one of the most individual coiffures in town may be found at André of Knightsbridge.

END

## Design For A Family House

(Continued from page 29)

of floor area then permitted. How far this has succeeded, the illustrations show.

On the ground floor, kitchen and breakfast-cum-playroom make a compact group on the south-east side of the house with larder in between, whose doors open into both rooms. Feature of the playroom is a window seat fitting in the cornerwise window with table for children's meals.

The central hall looks out on to the garden at the back and, incidentally, can serve as a separate entertaining room, if wanted, for a door isolates it from the entrance lobby.

The sitting-room and dining-room together make a spacious room when the dividing

glass doors are thrown back; and similar doors into the hall enable all three to be used as one big room at party-time.

On the first floor are the four bedrooms—two double and two "single," and, in addition, in the sloping roof over the garage is a box room, which could be converted into an additional room. It must be added, though, that neither garage nor this box room come within the 1,500 sq. ft. area.

There are three heating systems: a Tayco boiler looks after hot water and three radiators; a Camelion fire in the sitting-room has a back boiler which heats three more radiators; and an electric immersion heater.

END

## Fashion—List Of Stockists

(Continued from pages 23-26)

**Page 23:** Bijou dress: D. H. Evans; Pettigrew & Stephens, Glasgow. Dolores straw hat: Dickens & Jones; Brown, Muff & Co. Ltd., Bradford. Clark's sandals: The Army & Navy Stores. Sterling petticoats: Derry & Toms; Robinson & Cleaver; Clements, Watford; Thomas Hall, Ealing. Betty Barclay dress: Harrods (Junior Miss Dept.); J. Jones, Manchester. Elizabeth Henry dress: Allardale, Berkeley St.; Nola, Chester. Gamba pumps: Gamba, 46 Dean St., W.1.

**Page 24:** Ballantyne sweater: Debenhams & Freebody; Fortnum & Mason. Hershelle skirt: Dickens & Jones; Whitfields Wolverhampton. Mornessa three-piece: Harrods (Budget Shop); Hendersons, Liverpool.

Dolores felt hat: Harrods; Joseph Johnson, Leicester.

**Page 25:** Ledux coat: Dickens & Jones; Thorntons, Leeds; Affleck & Brown, Manchester. Glen-Har skirt: John Lewis; Jessop, Nottingham. Dent's jacket: from leading stores. Howard Flint skirt: Gordon Lowe, 23 Brompton Arcade, S.W.3; Kendal Milne, Manchester.

**Page 26:** Silhouette bra and belt: D. H. Evans; Fenwicks, Newcastle. Youthlines corselet: Dickens & Jones; Brights, Bristol. Hitchcock Williams housecoat: from leading stores. English Rose bra and belt: from leading stores.

END



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